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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

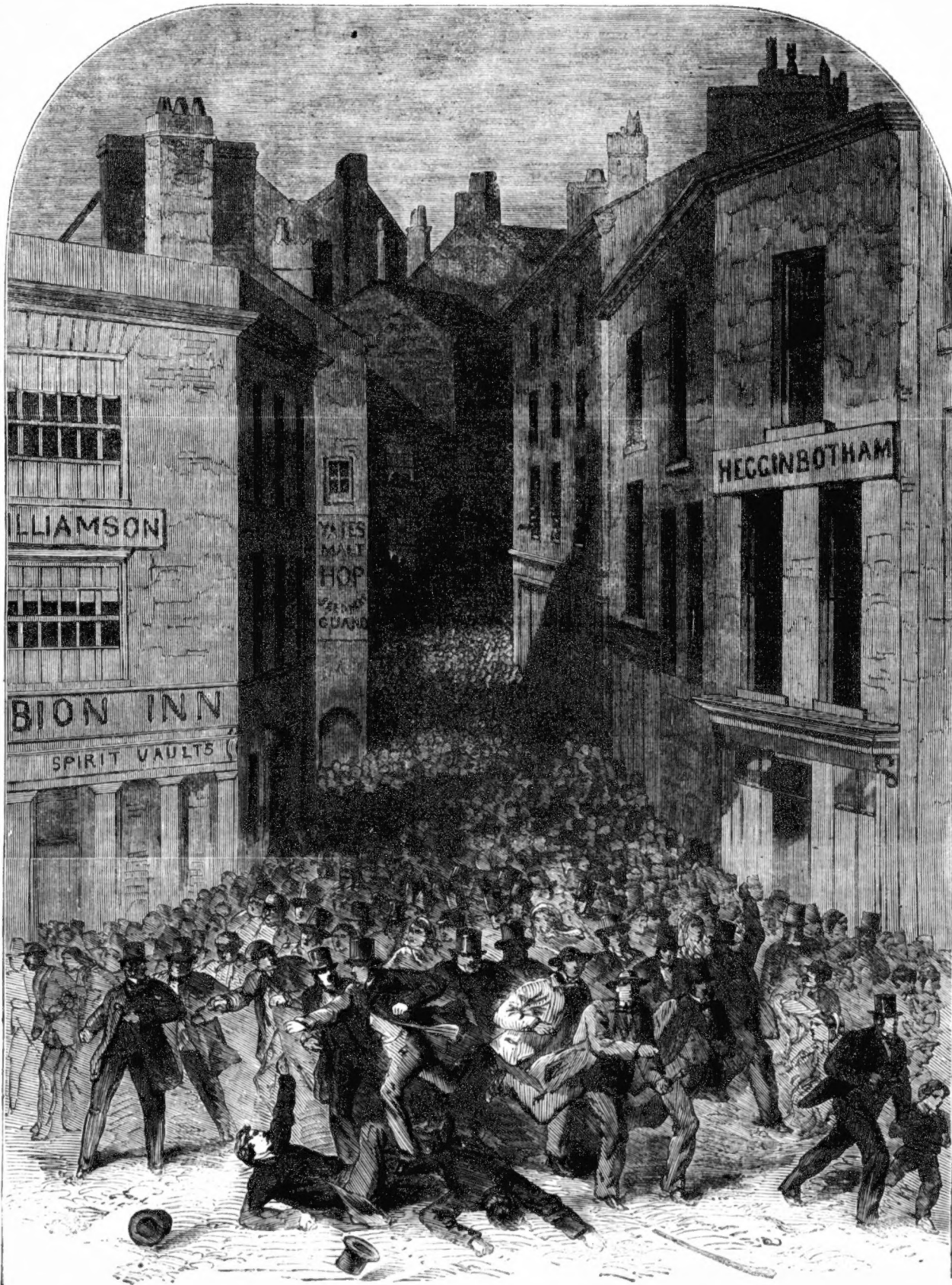
IN all the great Continental States the wishes of the people count for so little, as compared with the private determinations of their rulers, and it is so difficult—thanks to the fettered state of the press—to know in any one of them what the people really want, that the English, as a nation, take very little interest in foreign politics. Any great change that occurs in France interests us on account of the close proximity of that country, and because it is important that we should know whether our powerful neighbours desire to live on good or on bad terms with us. But we care very little what takes place elsewhere in Europe, except when a struggle is taking place for some great principle, as at the present moment in Italy, or in 1849, during the Hungarian insurrection. When, taking advantage of the revolutionary outbreak at Vienna, the Magyar nobles—or rather a portion of them—rose and demanded, not only their ancient and highly aristocratic Constitution, but also the complete separation of Hungary from the empire to which it belongs, we were indignant, from natural love of fair play, that Austria did not fight it out herself with the Hungarians, instead of calling in the aid of her big brother Russia. The Hungarian rebellion was put down; but Hungary is again raising her voice, and in two places—menacingly, and with a view to the disruption of the Austrian empire, from Garibaldi's camp; peaceably, and with all loyalty, in the Imperial Council or Reichsrath at Vienna. Ought those who raved about "oppressed nationalities" in 1849, and who received Kossuth with such violent demonstrations of affection in 1851, to be indifferent now to the ration and laudable endeavours of the Hungarians, in common with the Bohemians, the Poles of Galicia, and the other races who make up that heterogeneous compound called the Austrian Empire, to obtain national representation, or are their aspirations without interest simply because they are sanctioned by the Sovereign, and because there is a fair chance of their being realised without the effusion of blood? No one knows what pugnacious Hungary wants; but it is easy to read in the reports of the Reichsrath what peaceable Hungary desires. The fighting Hungarians are, for the most part, away from their country, to which, as long as the present order of things lasts, many of them will never be able to return, or, in any case, will never be able to recover their lost rank. It is scarcely worth while, one would think, to revolutionise a country in order that a handful of politicians and officers, who at present, with or without having merited it, are in the position of exiles, should have this opportunity of regaining or acquiring a position in their native land; but, if the intending leaders of the Hungarian insurrection have any other equally definite object in

view, they at least take care not to make it public. Do they want a Hungarian republic, the president to be elected by civil war; or the restoration of the ancient Hungary, of which we hear so much, with a Government of nobles and a population of serfs? Austria may not have liberated the serfs of the Magyar landowners from the best possible motives, but she did make them free at the risk—indeed, with the certainty—that she would thereby increase the hatred of their late masters to the central power; and for this reason, if for no other, our liberals ought to show a little more fairness in judging the con-

refusal to pay taxes in Hungary in case this precious Constitution is not restored to them. This, of course, would be the beginning of a "war of independence," which, however, might not find so many supporters as the rebel chiefs think and hope. We hear of attempts to excite the Hungarians to insurrection on the one hand; but on the other we read the sensible and moderate deliberations of the various representatives of Hungary, and the other provinces of the empire, in the Reichsrath, and, above all, the speech of the Emperor, in which he expresses his conviction that his resolution respecting their views (as officially communicated to him) will meet with their concurrence, that his good intentions will be acknowledged, and "that the inauguration of popular institutions will obtain their energetic support."

In Italy there is no want of plain speaking on the part of Mazzini, as the Italian newspapers sufficiently testify; nor on that of Garibaldi, if the letters of English correspondents are to be believed. Mr. Edwin James, with questionable taste, told us the other day what Garibaldi had said to him about the Emperor of the French. Now, one of the Italian correspondents of the *Times* assures us that the Dictator makes no secret of his hatred and contempt for Napoleon III., whose power to influence Italian affairs is, he maintains, overrated. He says (to adopt his own queer phrase) that Napoleon has "a tail of straw," and adds that to this tail it is his mission to set fire! We suppose, if it means anything in particular, this "tail of straw" means the Revolution, which Louis Napoleon carries with him, but which may, nevertheless, be used against him for his own destruction. In the meanwhile the French garrison has been greatly strengthened in Rome—some say with a view only to the protection of his Holiness; others, with an ultimate design upon Venetia. The Austrians say themselves that the Peace of Villafranca was only a truce which is already drawing to an end, and they have no confidence in the engagements either of Sardinia or of France. Does not this alone suffice to show the indecipherable confusion of Italian affairs just now? No one knows whether Garibaldi will agree with Mazzini (who rejects the Italian Republic, and demands only a United Italy as distinguished from an enlarged Sardinia), or with Cavour, who sold Nice

(Garibaldi's birthplace) to the French, or whether Napoleon means to fight Garibaldi, or whether he proposes to join Garibaldi in attacking the Austrians. The *Times* correspondent attached to Garibaldi's army, and who is known to be one of the Dictator's best Generals, assures us that, under Garibaldi's leadership and auspices, all will yet come right in Italy; and we think there are few men in England who will not fervently hope that the correspondent's expectation may be realised.



THE ACCIDENT AT MEAL HOUSE BROW, STOCKPORT.—(FROM A SKETCH BY T. JEWELRY.)

duct of the Austrian Government in these Hungarian affairs. They, at least, ought to remember that the interests of Hungary are not the interests of its nobles and rich proprietors alone, and that the unfortunate peasantry are also entitled to some little consideration. Prince Lichtenfels, who can scarcely be suspected of democratic tendencies, said the other day in the Reichsrath that the ancient Hungarian Constitution was entirely a "Nobles' Institution," and yet many of our self-styled liberal newspapers mention with warm approval the wild project of the Hungarian leaders to organize a general



THE ACCIDENT AT STOCKPORT.

WE had last week to report a terrible accident which occurred during the ceremonies attending the second anniversary of the opening of the Vernon Park at Stockport. Seven persons were trampled to death, and four others seriously injured.

The cause of this lamentable catastrophe is clear. The Cheadle "wakes" were being held, and they tended greatly to swell the enormous streams of human beings who flocked into the town to witness a balloon ascent from the Castle Yard and the display of fireworks in the Market-place, with which the festivities of the day were to be brought to a close. The Market-place can only be approached from the town side by steep, narrow streets, some of them being broken by long flights of stone steps; and on the evening of the accident the Market-place and all its approaches were densely crowded. The display of fireworks over, the huge crowd began to disperse soon after nine o'clock. Slowly the masses surged down the various "brows," carried on by the pressure from behind rather than moving individually. But speedily the scene changed in the line of Meal-house Brow. There some children and women either dropped from exhaustion or tripped and were soon beneath the feet of the descending throng. Shouts and shrieks arose, but they were not understood. Those nearest the first sufferers were pressed forwards, adding to the number of victims.

The scene for some time beggars description, and it was a long time ere the sufferers could be relieved. When at length the police force reached the spot they found that six or seven persons were dead, through trampling or suffocation. The number slightly hurt could not be ascertained; but the injuries sustained by three or four are serious.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* recently published the following notification:—

The Emperor has decided upon immediately reinforcing the corps of occupation at Rome by sending a division of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and a battery of artillery.

The Sardinian Government has been informed that General Goyon has received instructions authorising him to extend his action so far as the military conditions to which it is naturally subordinate will permit him.

It only appertains to the great Powers assembled in congress to pronounce one day on the questions which have arisen in Italy from the late events. But until then the Government of the Emperor, in conformity with the mission which it has imposed upon itself, will continue to discharge the duties resulting from its sympathies with the Holy Father and from the presence of our flag in the capital of the Catholic world.

We are told that the reply given to the Duke de Cadore, who was deputed to ascertain the real intentions of France in reference to the protection of the Holy See, contained the assurance that nobody deplored more than the Emperor the course taken by Sardinia. Under actual circumstances, however, the employment of force, instead of diminishing, would but aggravate the evil, by plunging Italy into a struggle from which a general war might arise. The reply also stated that, in order to afford an efficacious protection to the Holy See, the French army in the Papal States would be increased to 24,000 men, whose mission would be to make the patrimony of St. Peter respected, this patrimony, properly so called, comprising a population of 420,000 souls, and including Rome, Civita Vecchia, and Viterbo.

M. Thouvenel tendered his resignation to the Emperor while at Ajaccio, insisting that a more efficacious protection should be granted to the Pope. Since the return of the Emperor and the reply given to the Duke de Cadore, M. Thouvenel has withdrawn his resignation.

There is a story that Marshal Vaillant, "the defender of Rome in 1849, will, in case of need, assume the command in chief of the army of occupation."

SARDINIA.

The following is a summary of the Ministerial report read by Count Cavour on the occasion of the opening of the Sardinian Chambers on Tuesday. After having recalled the happy results obtained by the Cabinet during the last few months, the report thus continued:—"Henceforth Italy, with the exception of Venetia, is free. As regards the latter province, we cannot make war upon Austria against the almost unanimous wish of the European Powers. Such an enterprise would create a formidable coalition against Italy. But in constituting a strong Italy we are serving the cause of Venetia. These reasons also impose upon us the duty of respecting Rome. The question of Rome cannot be decided by the sword alone. It meets with moral obstacles, which moral force alone can vanquish." The Ministerial report, in speaking of the rumoured possibility of a collision with France at Rome, says:—"An act of ingratitude so monstrous would brand our country with a deep disgrace such as centuries of suffering could not obliterate. Whatever populations may be freed from oppression their independence will be respected." The Ministerial report concludes as follows:—"Parliament has been convoked in order to pronounce whether the present Ministry still enjoys its confidence. This is so much the more necessary, as a voice which is with reason dear to the people has manifested its distrust of us to the Crown and the country."

After the reading of the opening speech, the following project of law was presented:—

Sole Article.—The Government of the King is authorised to accept and establish by Royal decrees the annexation to Sardinia of those provinces of Central and Southern Italy in which the population, by direct and universal suffrage, freely manifested a wish to form an integral part of our constitutional Monarchy.

The project was received with loud cheers. In Wednesday's sitting of the Chambers a committee was appointed to examine it. The members of this committee expressed full confidence in the policy of Count Cavour, but desired that all dualism with Garibaldi should cease.

The King of Sardinia left Turin for Florence and Bologna on the 27th, amid acclamations. It is said that his Majesty will also go to Naples "to put an end to all difficulties." M. Farini accompanies him. Prince Carignan officiates at Turin as the King's Lieutenant.

AUSTRIA.

The Session of the Austrian Reichsrath has been brought to a conclusion. The final vote is the most important. It is that the propositions recently made in the Council with respect to the reorganisation of the empire, under a Federal Constitution, thus securing the independence of the provinces, should be adopted. It now only remains for the Emperor to give his consent. The Council were received by the Emperor at a final audience on Friday week. The Emperor addressed them as follows:—"I have heard with satisfaction the repeated expressions of your love for the fatherland and of your loyalty as subjects. I confidently expect that my resolution respecting your views will, when promulgated, meet with ready concurrence, and that my good intentions will be gratefully acknowledged. I also expect that the inauguration of popular institutions will obtain your energetic support." A letter from Pesth of the 27th of September boldly asserts that in that city the Austrian Reichsrath is held to be a perfect farce, got up for no other object but to get a fictitious value for the Vienna metaliques, and make one last desperate attempt on the European market for a loan. The Emperor is said to have ordered a levy of 100,000 men. The light-houses on the Venetian littoral are extinguished. The reason assigned for this step is that agents of Garibaldi had been discovered in taking soundings at night in the Lagoon, which they had secretly entered.

Numerous arrests have been made in Hungary on account of the dissemination of revolutionary proclamations.

SPAIN.

The Spanish Government has addressed to the different Powers a note supporting the protest issued by the King of Naples when retiring to Gaeta. The Spanish note recalls that, by the Treaty of the Quadruple Alliance of 1718, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies had been ceded by Austria to the Spanish Bourbons. This cession was afterwards confirmed by the Treaty of Vienna. The article 114 of the final act of Vienna having, under the guarantee of Europe, again sanctioned these

stipulations, the Spanish Government considers it its duty to maintain in the most formal manner the rights of a member of the august family of Spain, and to raise every opposition against the flagrant violation of solemn arrangements.

Senor Leymeri has been appointed Captain-General of the Philippine Islands. General Narvaez has returned to Spain: he will reside at Loja.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

The following telegram from Constantinople is dated Sept. 26:—"Ali Pacha has formally denied having stated to the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires that he had proofs of Sir Henry Bulwer having conspired against the Sultan, a story which he declared to be utterly absurd and untrue. The Grand Vizier has been suddenly recalled by the Sultan. He is expected to arrive in Constantinople on the 29th inst. Another Minister has been sent to complete his mission. In Syria Faud Pacha and the French General are to act in concert against the Druses. Prince Couza is expected to arrive at Constantinople on the 2nd proximo. The Persian Ambassador to London leaves to-morrow in the *Banshee* for Malta."

A despatch from Belgrade, of the 27th ult., states that the Turkish Governor of the fortress and the Consular body had complimented Prince Michael Obrenowitch on his accession, and that his Highness declared that he would without delay demand the berat of the Porte and convoke the National Assembly. He said, too, that the law alone should reign, and that he would repair any acts of injustice which might have been committed. The despatch adds that public functionaries are for the present to remain in office; also that the interment of Prince Milosch is to take place at Belgrade.

SYRIA.

A French steamer, which returned from Syria lately, brings intelligence that France had from seven to eight thousand men in Syria; but that General d'Hautpoul intended to wait till his force amounted to eleven thousand ere he advanced into the country. The report on board was pretty general that the late Governor of Damascus was put to death at the demand of England, to whose influence the deaths of so very many Mussulmans are attributed—a circumstance which was rendering them very unpopular among the Mussulmans. The French have somehow managed to wriggle out of the odium attending the deaths of so many of the faithful, while the English have come in for the whole. There is another report current in Syria that some unfortunate wretch was shot in the place of Ahmed Agha, who had offered, it is said, Faud Pasha £40,000 for the preservation of his life.

AMERICA.

The political news from the United States relates solely to the forthcoming Presidential election. We gather that the chances of the Republican party are in the ascendant.

The Gulf of Mexico was visited by a severe hurricane on the 15th ult., involving a great loss of property. Nearly every house in Belize was carried away, and several lives were lost. Milneburg, the terminus of the Ponchartrain Railroad, was submerged, and the wharves damaged. It was reported that all the wharves and bathhouses on the lake shore between New Orleans and Mobile had been swept away. The town of Biloxi, Mississippi, was in ruins. A third part of the city of Mobile was flooded. The loss is estimated at 1,000,000 dollars.

Mexico continues to be the scene of an internecine struggle. By the last accounts Miramon was at the capital, which he held with 7500 men, awaiting the attack of the Liberals, who were advancing upon him with an army 20,000 strong.

INDIA.

There is very little news from the Bengal Presidency, except complaints of the continued refusal of the ryots in some of the lower districts to pay their rents, and complaints of the protracted bad weather and scarcity of provisions in the north-western provinces. The vacancy in the Legislative Council caused by the death of Mr. Le Geyt, the member for Bombay, has been filled up. Mr. C. J. Erskine is the new member. Mr. Cecil Beadon, Foreign Secretary to the Government of India, has been nominated to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Wilson, but is to continue to perform the duties of his secretaryship.

An Englishman in Oude, who is said to have been connected with the Lucknow press, has been summarily "deported" out of the province by the authorities "for endeavouring to instil sedition into the minds of the natives."

The Maharajah of Travancore is dead, and has been succeeded by his nephew.

The Indian Government have announced that they will carry out the financial measures of the late Mr. Wilson in all their integrity. A series of instructions for the management, assessment, and collection of the income tax, have been issued for the guidance of all officials. The tax commission and the assessors for Calcutta have been appointed.

A commission has been appointed to draw up a report on an organised system of native police for all India.

From Delhi we are informed that several rebels who took a conspicuous part in the late mutiny, including the murder of Major Burton, the political agent at Kotah, have been executed, and more will follow.

CHINA.

THE BRITISH EXPEDITION.

The whole of the British forces departed from their rendezvous at Talien for the Peiho on the 26th of July. The French force was to leave Chefoo on the same date. Lord Elgin paid a visit to Chefoo, accompanied by the General and Admiral, and returned to Talien about the 20th; and the embarkation of the troops commenced on the 24th. The British force is complete in every respect; but the *China Mail* says the French are very defective in numbers, are short of artillery, and have no cavalry, and no sufficient means of transport. Altogether the allied forces will number about two hundred and sixty vessels, inclusive of transports; and it is thought that this imposing force may cause the Chinese Government to come to terms at once. But Lord Elgin, we believe, has determined to take the forts before treating. The forces were to rendezvous at the Sha-luy-tien Islands, about fourteen miles from the Peiho. The landing is to take place at Pehtang; the 1st division, under General Mitchell, consisting of the 1st, 2nd, 31st, and 60th Regiments, and a Punjab regiment, landing at first simultaneously with the French force for the attack. It is said that every effort will be made to prevent our forces wintering in the north, and that after the forts are taken the Chinese will not be pressed very hard for terms.

The correspondent of the *Times* says:—

The good health of the troops continues. Less than 4½ per cent are on the sick-list, including therein all the men who have out their feet with oyster-shells while bathing. There are not more than 1 per cent of serious cases. One regiment, the 99th, is 598 strong, and has but two men absent from duty. The hospital ships are mere hells of comfort and even luxury. No want of "medical comforts" here. Whatever the patient requires is at hand, from champagne and sherry to sage and arrowroot. The consequence is that Sir Hope Grant has embarked 11,194 men for service at the Peiho in as good condition as though they were taken from the healthiest rural district at home. The horses were shipped on the 25th, and I went over to the bay to witness the sight. The transports were anchored in the bay, and paddle-box boats, rafts, and horse-boats were all in requisition. The best device came from the *Maifichien*. Two of her paddle-box boats were loaded over and carried thirty-two horses at a time. There was no crowding, no confusion, no orders and counter-orders. 2000 cavalry and artillery horses and nearly 3000 ponies and baggage boxes were embarked without a single accident. As each transport was filled, a saucy little gun-boat walked up to her—a pigmy beside a giant—hooked her on, and carried her whither she listed. There is nothing aloft like these English gun-boats. They turn within their own length, poke their noses into every creek along the coast, and are the school in which some of the best men in our Navy have been trained.

The infantry embarked on the 24th, and in the afternoon I walked over the ground occupied for a month by the first division. The trenches and field works marked the spot where each regiment had been, and the Chinamen were hunting about for bottles, old boots, bones, firewood, and whatever they could lay hands on. As soon as the soldiers were embarked, Sir Hope Grant requested the "notable" of the nearest village to assess the damage which had been done to their property by the six regiments which

had just left the ground. They made a careful survey, and presented a claim for 180 dollars, about £40 of our money. This modest demand bears unquestionable testimony to the good conduct of the men and to the honesty of the country people. In fact, looting up here has been all but unknown.

A correspondent of the *London China Telegraph*, writing from Chusan on July 20, says:—"I am sorry to inform you that our gallant allies are acting in a manner calculated to injure our prestige most seriously. Of course, when the war is over we shall be the sole sufferers, for the French have no vested interests in China as we have, and in peaceable times they are not known nor felt. They have committed several acts of cruelty, and altogether conducted themselves more like a half-civilised race. The natives, however, continue their supplies, and treat us very well."

Shanghai remains in an unsettled state. A serious misunderstanding has occurred between her Majesty's Consul and the Commissioners of Customs.

Canton is quiet. The Governor and Tartar General paid a visit lately to the new French Commissioner, to congratulate him on his appointment. We regret to say sickness is very prevalent amongst the troops at Canton. The rebels are said to be in possession of some important passes, which prevents produce coming down.

In Hong-Kong nothing of note had occurred lately. The Government had issued a notice that it will hold a court of inquiry to inquire into the abuses said to be committed by certain public servants in times past.

GARIBALDI AND THE SICILIES.

OUR latest intelligence from Naples is more satisfactory than much received lately. Dr. Bertani has handed in his resignation to the Dictator, and is, indeed, already at Genoa. Signor Saffi has declined accepting the post of pro-Dictator in Sicily. A new Ministry is to be formed at Naples, consisting of what is called men of the moderate party—that is to say, advocates of the annexation to Sardinia without conditions and measures of precaution. Garibaldi has received the King's letter, so much talked of, and seems thus to have made haste to ease the mind of his ally in the North, whom he has never refused to acknowledge as his Sovereign.

The Ministers appointed by Garibaldi at Naples are Conforti, Muira, Scura, Capitane, Anguissolis, and Desanetis. The demand of the Municipality of Naples for a Ministry commanding the confidence of the country has been mainly instrumental with Garibaldi in modifying his Ministerial combination and sending away Bertani.

Cajazzo, an important point on the hills on the right bank of the Volturno, which has been taken and retaken by the Garibaldians, not without serious losses on the 19th, has been since stormed by the Royal troops. The *Journal of Naples* states that, out of 900 Garibaldians who defended Cajazzo, 100 only escaped by swimming across the river.

The check which Garibaldi's forces met with at the attempted attack upon Capua seems to have encouraged the King's troops, and they are said to have followed up the advantage by driving back the Garibaldians from the two points—near the foot of the mountains, and on the coast—where they had succeeded in establishing themselves on the northern bank of the River Volturno.

The Neapolitans have since been repulsed at Limatola. Garibaldi has fortified Sant' Angelo and Santa Maria.

An order of the day of Garibaldi, published at Caserta, says:—"Brave Soldiers.—The Sardinians are about to enter Neapolitan territory. Very soon you shall have the happiness of clasping their victorious hands."

A deputation of the inhabitants of Naples left that city on the 26th ult. to meet King Victor Emmanuel, to invite him to Naples in order to restore tranquillity.

The forts of Pescara and Augusta, in Sicily, have capitulated. The Commander of the fort of Balia, near Naples, still resists, and threatens to blow up the fortress.

The soldiers of the King at Gaeta are said to have demolished the residence of the French Consul under the pretence that there was a connivance between him and Garibaldi. The French Consul was absent at the time.

MAZZINI'S MANIFESTO.

The *Iride* of Naples publishes in its number of the 24th of September a manifesto of Mazzini. It is headed "Neither Apostates nor Rebels." The following are the concluding sentences of the manifesto:—

We claim the liberty of saying, not that a republic is the best form of government, but that we, twenty-five million of Italians, ought to be masters in our own country; that we can be so if we all wish it; that our liberty is there on the point of our bayonets and in the firm resolution of our souls; that it is not in the counsels and acts of France and Chancery. To make it dependent upon a whim of Louis Napoleon or any other man is to prostitute it, to risk losing it again, and to declare ourselves unworthy of it.

We claim the liberty of saying that between the programme of Cavour and that of Garibaldi we prefer the latter; that without Rome and Venice there is no Italy; that, excepting the war of 1859, provoked by Austria, and maintained, at the price of Nice and Savoy, by the arms of the Emperor of the French—excepting the invasion of the Roman provinces, provoked by us, by a necessity which we created, no initiative of Italian emancipation belongs to the programme of Cavour; that Rome and Venice will remain slaves of the stranger if the insurrection and war of the volunteers does not restore them to freedom.

We claim the liberty of saying that a free and united country will not be formed by annexing this or that province to Piedmont, but by amalgamating Piedmont and all the provinces of Italy, and Italy with Rome, which is its centre and heart; that the immediate annexation of the conquered provinces that have acquired liberty, by placing them under the programme of Cavour, and taking them away from Garibaldi, stops the movement, takes away the strength of the country from the hands of him who wishes to employ them well, to place them in the hands of a man who wishes to condemn them to inaction, and for a time suppress the dominating patriotic idea.

We claim this, and nothing else. Refute, but do not calumniate. Do not always sully or wickedly repeat that we work for a Republic, when for two years we have never spoken of a Republic. Do not obstinately judge us without reading us. Do not repeat, blind servants of any ministerial gazette, affirmations a hundred times denied by facts. Do not excite against us by perfidious falsehoods the passions of a people who owe to us in a great measure what they feel and what they have achieved by unity. Falsehood is the base weapon of vile cowardice. Belief without investigation is the wont of idiots.

THE AFFAIR AT VOLTURNO.

Mr. Edwin James, who was an eyewitness of part of the fighting at Volturmo, thus describes what he saw:—

The repulse sustained by Garibaldi's troops may, and probably will, be retrieved by future successes; but it was a reverse, and a serious one—not so much from the fact that raw troops were compelled to retire before the murderous fire of the Neapolitan artillery, but as proving a total want of organisation and discipline among a considerable portion of his army, and their incapability to contend against disciplined troops. The truth should be told in England, and Garibaldi is the last man who would wish it to be concealed. When he hesitates not to proclaim his intention to meet the legions of Austria in the field, all who desire his success in the noble enterprise he has undertaken must wish that he should know the material of which a portion of his army is composed. That General Breslau was deficient in military skill; that he allowed that which was intended as a mere feigned attack upon Capua to become an actual attack upon such a fortress, without any artillery at his command; that he exposed young troops to a cruel and murderous fire for hours, against which many of them stood firmly and courageously; that he ought and probably will have to answer for these faults before a court-martial, may be true. But the fearful panic which spread through the troops at the sight of Neapolitan hussars issuing from Capua, covering artillery, and approaching the gate of Santa Maria, and which spread like a "fire in prairie" to other regiments, who had not even seen the cavalry—the wild flight led by officers, who seized the carriages intended for the wounded, and galloped wildly through the streets of Santa Maria, along the high road to Caserta!—soldiers who left the road, instead of forming to resist the attack, and ran across fields and through vineyards!—these scenes, which I witnessed, convinced me of a want of discipline, organisation, and of courage, which will demand the earnest attention of the great powers in the remodelling the large number of soldiers who have voluntarily joined his standard.

Garibaldi was far from the scene. He had gone with his staff to the west of Capua, along the ridge of mountains which command a panoramic view of

the city and surrounding country. General Eber, with about 2000 men, had followed him. General Türr, with a considerable force, was, as we could hear from the heavy firing in that quarter, engaged about six miles off, on the south-west side of the city, in endeavouring to force the passage of the River Volturno, and the whole attack appeared to be made without plan, order, or military arrangement of any kind. I found a regiment shattered from the fire under the walls of an old monastery. The officer in command told me that he was waiting orders, but could get none. The men were willing to go, but no orders came. I was helping to the best of my ability the wounded from the front to the hospital at the centre of the village, and was assisting in burying three men who had been placed in a peasant's cart when the cry arose that the "Cavalry was coming!" and the panic seized the troops.

More than one regiment wavered and turned. The officers behaved firmly and well, drew their swords, and urged their men on; but the alarm had spread, and the soldiers refused to follow. I followed these mischievous and cowardly fellows to Caserta, asked for the Colonel of the regiment, who spoke French, gave him my name and address, pointed out the fellows as they entered into the square in front of the palace, and, although I did not request it as a personal favour, I certainly suggested that they should be marched out and shot. They were at once taken to the guardhouse, and were seen no more by me.

AN ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICER WITH THE GARIBALDIANS.

A young officer of H.M.S. *Renown*, who went up before Capua to "see the fighting," tells his experiences:—

The Garibaldians occupied a town called Santa Maria, which is two miles from Capua. We went into the café, and tried to get something to eat, but could not make them understand, so one of our fellows went up to a fine-looking officer in Garibaldi's rig and asked him in French, "Parlez vous Français?" He looked at us for a moment and said, in pure English, "Cannot you make them understand what you want?" and we found him to be Captain Hall, late of the Life Guards. We of course eagerly asked him if there was any fighting going on. He told us that they had begun the attack at Capua, previously driving in the Neapolitan posts at 5.30 a.m., and that they had been fighting ever since, but had just left off for both sides to get something to eat. After the conference, curiosity got the best of it, and we went towards the front. As we walked down the bullets fell thicker and thicker; but we passed safely from tree to tree. It's a curious sound to hear a bullet go thump into a tree you are leaning against. I parted company from my messmates, and stowed myself away behind a large tree a little to the right of the road. The bullets kept whizzing by, but all in a direct line for me were kind enough to go into the tree. . . . The Garibaldians, having no artillery or siege-train, could not make any impression on Capua, the only guns they had being two field-pieces to show off against eighty guns in position on the walls of the city. Their two guns were at the gate (marked with two crosses in the plan I have drawn of the field of battle), loaded with canister, men standing by with lighted portfires. At about four o'clock they brought them down close to us and unlimbered them, to cover the retreat of their riflemen upon Santa Maria. Just at this moment a body of Piedmontese came down amongst the trees towards us (about forty of them), and one stepped up to one of the English Garibaldian officers and said, "English gentlemen, will you lead up!" By this time the retreat had been sounded twice, as the shells were cutting up the Garibaldians severely. The officer's name is Jarvis, very good-looking, tall, with fair, light hair and whiskers. He knew that it was not much use charging, unsupported, with only forty men; but the Italians have a great opinion of an Englishman's courage, so he could not well refuse, not knowing their language sufficiently to explain to them the inutilty of a charge. He at once put himself at their head, and led them across the plain right out before the trees. The men were all dressed in dark grey, and Jarvis had on a red jacket; so of course he was most conspicuous. They charged close up to the most, the artillery from the town blazing away at them with all its might. The Neapolitan skirmishers had nearly all retired behind the river, so they quietly retreated, leaving twenty-three out of forty dead on the field. Jarvis had a most narrow escape, a shell taking off a man's leg to whom he was talking, glancing off a tree, and passing him on the other side. After the charge he came back to us as cool and unconcerned as if nothing had taken place. We met the second master, who deserted from the —; he had charge of the two field-pieces and about eighty men. He speaks Italian well, and is a valuable officer for Garibaldi. He behaved most gallantly during the day, at one time a shell denting in the cross at the bottom of his sword.

It was getting late then, so we walked from tree to tree till we arrived at the farm. The firing then ceased, it being about 5.30 p.m. Two hundred Garibaldians commenced their retreat up the road, and I went with them, with the three English officers who were unattached. When about half a mile from Santa Maria some one sang out, "Cavalleria!" I never saw such a panic. They all cut and run as hard as they could. I would not run, as I did not like in uniform, and I knew if I was taken they would let me go again. However, they did not come, so we at length arrived in safety, and I rejoined my messmates. . . . There is a celebrated woman out here, the Countess del —. She generally goes by the name of the Countess. She is a sort of Miss Nightingale in some points, and is very beautiful, and bold as a lion. She moved about in the thick of the fight, and attended to the wounded very kindly. She was dressed in a little Spanish hat, with a gilt band round it; a buff loose tunic, with gilt buttons; very large knicker-bocker trousers; pretty little lace-up boots, about halfway up her calf; and a large cavalry sword and revolver. I saw her several times that day.

SARDINIA AND THE PAPAL STATES.

CAPTURE OF ANCONA AND LAMORICIERE.

We are now very distinctly told what the future policy of Sardinia is to be, and what course the Italian movement will take under her guidance. Count Cavour has declared it in the Parliament of Sardinia. He disavows any intention of making war upon Austria for the liberation of Venetia, and renounces the hope of recovering Rome by the agency of the sword alone. He repudiates the idea of a collision with France at Rome as an act of ingratitude so monstrous as to brand Italy with a deep disgrace, such as ages of suffering could not obliterate.

Meanwhile Ancona has fallen. General Lamoriciere capitulated on Saturday with the whole garrison. The portfolio of General Lamoriciere has also fallen into the hands of General Fanti. It is said to contain letters of the most compromising character, and the most positive proofs of numerous intrigues entered into with the Legitimist and even the Red Republican party against the Government of the Emperor Napoleon. Much credit is given to the Sardinian fleet for the part it took in this affair; and it was to Admiral Persano that Lamoriciere surrendered his person. He was dispatched to Genoa in the steamer *Count Cavour*, and was afterwards to be sent to Turin.

The western wing of the Sardinian army is now said to have advanced as far as Tivoli, the well-known point of excursion from Rome in the Sabine mountains. Thus the cupola of St. Peter is now in sight of the Sardinian soldiers, and the inhabitants of Rome have the opportunity of fraternising with them in their pleasure trips.

General Goyon has hoisted the French flag at a distance of five miles from Rome; and, on the demand of Monsignor Mérode, has ordered the reoccupation of Cornetto by French soldiers.

The provinces of Umbria, Viterbo, and the Marches are lost to the Papal Government. Subiaco and Arsoli have risen in insurrection. The Pope will not leave the city. A secret consistory of Cardinals was held on the 25th ult. The Pope delivered an allocution, concerning which nothing is yet known. A long conference between Cardinal Antonelli and the French Ambassador took place the same day.

ENGLAND AND SARDINIA.

The *Cologne Gazette* publishes the following as a despatch from Lord John Russell to Sir James Hudson, our Minister at Turin:—

London, Aug. 31, 1860.

Sir,—Although Count Cavour's note, in reply to that you were requested to hand him, did not give a statement of his intentions as precise and complete as the Government of her Majesty might have desired and expected, it nevertheless did not think it necessary to follow up the matter further. It considered that in substance that note put aside all idea of attack upon the States of the Emperor of Austria or upon those of the King of Naples, and that at the same time it obliged the King of Sardinia to renounce the cession of any portion of the Italian territory, naturally comprising the Island of Sardinia, in that public engagement. I say a public engagement, because in his note Count Cavour refers to a speech made by himself in the name of the Government of the King in this sitting of the Chamber of Deputies of the 26th of May.

Still, although Austria, France, and England have abstained from all interference in Sicily and Naples, there nevertheless exists a fear at Paris and at Vienna that the annexation of the Roman and Neapolitan States may be followed by an attack by the Italian forces upon the Venetian possessions of the Emperor of Austria. It is clear that such an attack could not take place without the assent of the King of Sardinia. It is equally clear that,

taking a legal view of the question, the King of Sardinia has no excuse for breaking the Treaty of Zurich, recently concluded and signed. The King of Sardinia was free not to accept the preliminaries of Villafranca and the Treaty of Zurich; but, having renounced a continuation of the war—after having given his Royal word to live in peace and friendship with Austria, he is no longer free to cast aside his obligations and direct a wanton attack against a neighbouring Prince.

It is, moreover, evident in the present case, that interests go hand-in-hand with the prescriptions of duty. An attack against the Austrian enemy encamped behind powerful fortresses is not an undertaking in which success may be reasonably expected. And if such an attack should fail it would, perhaps, offer to Austria the desired opportunity of restoring the Romagna to the Pope and Tuscany to the Grand Duke.

There is good reason to believe that neither of these acts would be considered by France as irreconcilable with the treaty of Zurich; yet such acts would certainly be most detrimental to the independence of Italy and to her future tranquillity. The King of Sardinia, in gaining Lombardy, Parma, and Modena, but losing Savoy, Nice, and Tuscany, would no longer be able to resist Austria, who would be fighting for a good cause—the preservation of her territory and the redemption of her military honour. The only hope left to Sardinia in such a conflict would be to bring France into the battlefield and excite a European war. We trust Count Cavour will not give way to such dangerous illusions. The great Powers are bent upon the maintenance of peace, and Great Britain has interests in the Adriatic over which she keeps a most careful watch.

The Ministers of the King of Sardinia may preserve Europe from such a danger by following exactly the policy laid down in Count Cavour's despatch of the 30th of May. The Government of her Majesty does not ask for anything more than a faithful execution of that policy.

The British Government is willing to take into account the sentiments and demonstrations to which Count Cavour alludes as infractions of international law which the limited powers of the municipal authorities cannot prevent, although in the opinion of many Courts of Europe this indulgence on the part of Great Britain has been thought rather excessive. Under all circumstances, without regard to what nocturnal enterprises may be undertaken under the protection of vessels belonging to villages along the coast, it is quite clear that no army can attack the Austrian frontier without a distinct order from the King.

These observations seem to us worthy of the serious attention of the Sardinian Government.

You are authorised to read this despatch to Count Cavour, and to leave him a copy. I am, &c., J. RUSSELL.

THE QUEEN IN GERMANY.

DEATH OF THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF COBURG.

The news of her Majesty's visit to Germany is meagre. We learn that the King of the Belgians accompanied her Majesty and the Prince Consort as far as Verviers (on the 24th ult.), and that the Prince Regent of Prussia joined the Queen at Aix-la-Chapelle, accompanying her to Dresden. Her Majesty slept that night at Frankfurt, and travelled on to Coburg on the 25th. Her Majesty was received by the Duke and Duchess of Coburg and Gotha, and had the satisfaction of finding the Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia waiting her arrival. Wherever the train stopped immense crowds were assembled, who took every opportunity to demonstrate their respect for the Queen. Notwithstanding the length of the journey, her Majesty arrived in perfect health.

However, the festivities which had been prepared at Coburg, by order of the Duke, had been countermanded, in consequence of the lamented decease of the Duchess Dowager of Coburg. The Duchess was interred in the Royal Chapel of the old Castle at Gotha, on the 27th. The ceremony was attended by the Prince Consort, with the Duke of Coburg and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the Dukes Alexander and Ernest of Wurtemberg, Prince Philip of Wurtemberg, the Prince of Lowenstein, the Government President, and the Chief Ranger of the Forests, Von Ziegefar. The funeral took place at seven o'clock in the morning. As the procession moved towards the church from the apartments in the east wing of the palace lately occupied by the deceased, the bells of the church announced that the funeral ceremony had commenced. The church, which adjoins the palace, was soon reached, when the coffin was placed upon an estrade, and, as soon as all present had taken their places, the chief Court preacher delivered a funeral oration. After this a hymn was sung, when the officiating minister pronounced the blessing, and the coffin was placed in the vault prepared for its reception. In the morning the Queen attended a special service in the Ducal Chapel of the Palace, at which a funeral sermon was preached in honour of the late Duchess.

Her Majesty intended to remain at Coburg for some days. Field Marshal Lieutenant Count Alexander Mensdorff-Pouilly had arrived at Coburg charged by the Emperor of Austria to congratulate her Majesty on her arrival in Germany, and on her near approach to the Austrian dominions. Considerable preparations have been made at Coburg for the meeting between her Majesty and the Prince Regent of Prussia.

The Prince Consort met with an accident on Monday which was happily unattended by serious consequences. When he was returning from a shooting excursion on that day the horses of his carriage ran away. His Royal Highness jumped out, and fortunately escaped with nothing worse than a scratch on the face.

So numerous is the suite in attendance upon her Majesty that accommodation cannot be found for all in the Coburg Palace, and many are quartered at the Lion Hotel in the town.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which stated a few days since that, on the return of her Majesty from Coburg, the betrothal of Princess Alice with Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt would be officially made known at Darmstadt, now states that this intelligence is only inexact as to the place named, and that the event will be celebrated at Mayence instead. Prince Louis is the son of Prince Charles (brother of the reigning Grand Duke) and the Princess Elizabeth of Prussia (daughter of Prince William, uncle to the King), and was born on September 12, 1837. Whether these arrangements may be changed by the death of the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is not known, but there can be no doubt that such was the intention previous to that untoward event.

MAZZINI IN NAPLES.—The *Débats* thus comments upon the great row which has been made about the presence of Mazzini in Naples:—"A vague feeling of uneasiness prevails at Naples; articles are there written against the Republican party, as though that party was there a power. The presence of Mazzini more particularly excites alarm. 'We make known,' says the *Indipendenza Italiana*, 'to those who do not know it, that Mazzini is at Naples. Vigilance, citizens; the country is in danger!' Scarcely had Mazzini arrived than he was formally accused of having organised a popular manifestation, the pretext of which would have been to raze Fort St. Elmo, but the real object to impose a Mazzinian Ministry on Garibaldi. The conspiracy, which was ready to break out, is said to have only failed before the decided attitude of the National Guard, and of the volunteers of Calabria. Mazzini, on his side, protests that he takes no part in public affairs, and only wishes to remain quiet in his retirement. He has, he says, come to Naples for change of air and to enjoy the blue sky."

SUICIDE OF A FRENCH GROCER.—A grocer's apprentice, named Arsene, lately hung himself in his master's house in Paris. Upon his table, amidst a heap of books, was found the following letter:—"I am but a grocer, and shall never be anything else. I always think of that caricature representing a grocer standing on the threshold of his door and making this reflection: 'Born to be a man, and condemned to become a grocer.' He who thus judged our calling was in the right. For many years I have tried to improve my mind; I have read, and even copied out, books which I don't understand. All this muddles my head, and I find that I become more and more stupid every day. The longer I live the worse I shall be. Now, I remember to have read somewhere that a man should apply his intelligence to be useful to humanity; and, as I see I shall never be fit for anything but to weigh cheese and dried plums, I have made up my mind to go to another world which I have heard of, and see whether there may not be a place for me there. I ask pardon of my brethren for speaking in this disparaging way of our common profession; but I defy them to point out a single instance of a grocer having ever made his way to a higher position. There are plenty of manufacturers who have become deputies, and are decorated and loaded with all sorts of honours, but the like has never happened to a grocer. For these reasons I have determined to hang myself. I beg my parents to erect a simple tombstone to my memory, and to inscribe upon it these words, 'Born to be a man; died a grocer.'"

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR.

The *Times* correspondent accompanying the Prince of Wales describes the progress of the Royal party from the little West Canadian town of London to the Falls of Niagara. The reception accorded him at London was as hearty as any he encountered; and it is as well to record, for the honour of the Londoners, that the Duke of Newcastle also came in for his share of the welcome:—

Not content with shouting themselves hoarse on the arrival of his Royal Highness, the enthusiastic Londoners remained in dense masses in front of the hotel all day, and cheered so repeatedly that the Prince had to come to the windows again and again to bow his acknowledgments. When his Royal Highness had done this so often that even the crowd thought that they could not call for him again, there was an equally loud demand for the Duke of Newcastle, which, as the good people of London, though not Orangemen, are strict Protestants, showed pretty clearly that his Grace's conduct during the recent party disputes has gained for him the goodwill and admiration of all the sensible classes of the community, among whom, of course, there are very few not Orangemen. Nor would the crowd be content till the Duke had also made his appearance at the window, where he was greeted with demonstrations of applause scarcely, if at all, inferior to those bestowed on the Prince himself. I need scarcely say that no Orange display of any kind whatever was attempted in this place, and, indeed, may add that among the great majority of the Orange body the outrageous conduct of the fanatics at Kingston and the few who attempted to follow their example at Toronto is most strongly condemned.

From London the Prince proceeded to Sarnia, on Lake Huron, the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway:—

At Sarnia there was a deputation of some 150 Indians from the tribe of the Chippewas in waiting to receive his Royal Highness. These were red Indians, both in dress, which was wild and picturesque, abounding, as usual, in unpleasant paint and motley feathers, and in bearing, which was reserved and dignified. They indulged in no efforts to counterfeit lunacy in the shape of war dances, nor made any display of awkwardness in such attempts to perform the so-called "Indian games" as were made in the presence of his Royal Highness at Montreal. They had a wild, keen, and really savage look, which, however, retained all the sullen hauteur and studied apathy peculiar to the North American Indians in the days when their voice was law to the early settlers, and they ruled the hunting-grounds from New York Island to Lake Michigan. Their chief advanced as the Prince drew near, followed by the tall, lithe, swarthy forms of his braves in a semicircle round him. When within a few feet of his Royal Highness the band stopped, and the chief, in a deep, harsh, guttural voice, which he accompanied now and then with a quick, expressive movement of his hand, addressed the Prince in the Indian language. What the actual words of the speech were of course I cannot say, but it was a kind of general welcome from the tribe of the Chippewas, mixed of course with protestations of devoted loyalty to the Prince and his Royal mother. His Royal Highness replied in English, stating the satisfaction which it gave him to see them, and thanking them on the part of the Sovereign and himself for their expressions of loyalty and goodwill. This speech was translated by an interpreter, and at the end of each sentence a deep "ugh" of satisfaction went sound among the redskins, who gave a shrill, wild whoop at the termination of the address. His Royal Highness then gave each of the chiefs a magnificent silver medal to commemorate his visit, and smaller ones of the same kind to the subordinate members of the tribe.

Passing through more little towns, with large Old World names, always accompanied with vociferous welcomes, the Prince made his way at last to the great wonder of Canada and the world, to the Falls of Niagara:—

Here the Prince has cast off pomp and state, and there is a temporary lull, thank Heaven! in the whirlwind of addresses, reviews, processions, State balls, and dirty Orangemen. The Prince lives privately at the house of the late Mr. Zimmerman, and the suite are accommodated at the little cottages which fill the beautiful gardens at the Clifton Hotel. State and pomp, as I have said, are therefore scattered to the winds. His Royal Highness may almost be said to be here in private. He rides out and walks out without a mob at his heels, and can sit and watch for hours the tremendous majesty of the scene around him. It is just as well, perhaps, that state is dropped before Niagara.

The Prince has ventured along the slippery, hazardous path that leads behind the curtain, and succeeded in entering the Cavern of the Winds, has done everything, in short, to be expected from the boldest visitor to the great cataract:—

At his first view of the cataracts he saw them as no man had ever seen them before, and as they will probably never be seen again—he saw the Falls of Niagara illuminated. At the first idea it seems about as feasible to light up the Atlantic as these great outpourings of Lake Erie; and Mr. Blackwell, when he started the idea, was looked on as well-meaning and all that, but chimerical, to use the mildest term. Mr. Blackwell, however, persevered, and had some two hundred Bengal lights made of the largest size which it was possible to manufacture. About twenty of these were placed in a row under the cliffs, beneath Clifton House, and facing the American Fall; twenty more were placed under Table Rock, and twenty more behind the sheet of water itself, the entrance to which from the Canadian side I have already described. At ten o'clock at night they were all lit, and their effect was something grand, magical, and brilliant beyond all power of words to portray. In an instant the whole mass of water, glowing as if incandescent in the intense light, seemed turned to molten silver. From behind the Fall the light shone with such vivid brilliancy that the waters immediately before it looked like a sheet of crystal glass—a cascade of diamonds, every head and stream in which leaped and sparkled, and spread the glare over the whole scene, like a river of lighted phosphorus. The boiling rapids underneath dimly reflected back the vivid gleam as from a mirror, lighting up the trees and rocks and all the wild torn chasm through which the rapids pour, and showing out the old grey ruins of Table Rock like a huge dilapidated tower. The smoke, too, rose in thick dense masses, spreading upwards over the cataracts in a luminous cloud that it seemed as if the Niagara was in a blaze from base to summit. But all the grandeur and beauty seemed as nothing to the effect produced when the lights were changed from white to red. Niagara seemed turned to blood in colour, but so bright, so lurid in its deep effulgence, that a river of seething, roaring, hellish fire seemed to have taken the place in an instant of these cold, stern, eternal Falls. None could look upon this scene, the huge, fiery, blood-red mass, dark-looking, and clothed in the centre, without a feeling of awe. You could not speak, so sublime were its terrors, nor move your gaze from the blazing cauldron underneath the Falls, where the river seemed in its frothy red foam like boiling blood.

His Royal Highness also witnessed the performance of Blondin on the tightrope, who carried a man across on his back, and walked across on stilts—a feat which he has never before attempted.

The Prince arrived at Detroit on the 20th ult., and was enthusiastically received. The streets were splendidly illuminated. His Royal Highness entered the hotel privately. The suite followed, escorted by the firemen, the militia, and a number of citizens. The next day the party attempted to drive through the city, but found it impossible, on account of the streets being blocked up by spectators. The Prince left in the afternoon for Chicago under a Royal salute. Here he arrived amidst the same demonstrations of kindness. The Royal party were to start from Chicago for three days' shooting on the prairies.

ENGLISH INTRIGUES.—The *Patriot* says that Lord Palmerston contrived to get the son of the Emperor of Morocco on board an English yacht, and kept him there until it was too late for him to meet Napoleon III. at Algiers; and this because the appearance at Algiers of the representative of a Court essentially Mohammedan would have been understood by the Arabs as an adhesion to French policy in Syria. The same journal declares that Lord Dufferin's only object in urging Fud Pacha to execute Ahmed Pacha was to deprive the French troops of a pretext for marching upon Damascus, but that France will not be thwarted in her projects, and will go through with her work in Syria, whatever happens.

THE IRISH IN ITALY.—Lord Normanby has come forward to show that the Pope's Irish Brigade fought bravely against the Sardinians. His Lordship quotes a letter from Rome as follows:—"At Spoleto the Irish detachment, consisting of about two hundred and sixty men, behaved like heroes, and like Christian heroes. Attacked as they were by eight thousand Piedmontese, the Delegate (or Lieutenant-Governor), in the face of such an inequality of numbers, advised them to abandon any attempt to defend the town. 'No (replied these brave men), Irishmen in the service of the Pope cannot surrender, they can but be killed.' That which they said, they did. On early morning they confessed, and they received the Holy Communion. The assault upon the town commenced, the gates were forced; the Irish, fighting like lions, retreated into the fort; batteries were quickly raised and fired upon the fort. In a short time a considerable breach was effected. Thirty of these gallant fellows threw themselves across the breach with two pieces of cannon, and, after causing severe loss to the assailants, were themselves killed to the last man. Fresh breaches were made, and the greater part of the Irish having been either killed or wounded, the fort capitulated. They were promised the honours of war, but their heroism having probably mortified their enemies they were forced to march out without arms or baggage."



LOUIS OF BOURBON, COUNT AQUILA, PRINCE OF THE TWO SICILIES.

LOUIS OF BOURBON, COUNT D'AQUILA.

THIS Prince, whose Portrait is the subject of our Illustration, is the son of Francis I., King of Naples, by his second marriage with Maria Isabella, Infanta of Spain. He was born in Naples on the 19th of July, 1824, and is married to a daughter of the late Don Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil.

The following are a few authentic particulars of the recent conspiracy of which the Count d'Aquila was at the head, and of which the object was to overthrow the new constitutional Government and to re-establish the old order of things.

Some time ago the Marquis Villamarina, Piedmontese Minister at Naples, received information that several boxes, containing revolvers, had been forwarded from Genoa to a person of high rank in Naples. In consequence of this intelligence the Police Minister, Romano, immediately proceeded in person to the Custom House, and there not only found the boxes in question, but, moreover, discovered that they were addressed to no less a personage than Prince Louis, Count d'Aquila, the King's uncle. Meanwhile, the Police Minister was informed by a man in the confidence of the Royal conspirator that a plot had been fully arranged under the direction of Count d'Aquila.

Active inquiries were immediately set on foot, and it was ascertained

that six thousand military caps had been made exactly like those worn by the National Guard, for the purpose of being distributed among the conspirators, and the latter had received directions to mingle with the National Guards, and to fire upon them, each individual of their own party being distinguished by a red shirt worn under his uniform. A number of lithographed prints were found representing the Prince standing, hat in hand, in the act of saluting the people, and wearing a broad tricoloured scarf, on which were inscribed the words, "Viva Luigi Borbone, rege!" This was to be the reactionary watch-cry. There were likewise found lists containing the names of many eminent and popular persons who were to be treacherously assassinated on the night fixed upon for the execution of the plot.

These facts having come to the knowledge of the Central Committee, bills were immediately printed and circulated warning the citizens of Naples to be on their guard against the projected reactionary plot. The National Guards immediately flew to arms, and posted themselves in strong patrols in all parts of the city.

At nine o'clock on the appointed evening the signal was given for the outbreak of the conspiracy. It was a musket-shot fired from a window of one of the great houses in the Toledo, facing that occupied by the Papal Nuncio. The shot was fired by a man named Alessandro Marino, who was immediately arrested.

For a few minutes after the firing of the signal all was confusion and alarm, but the efforts of the National Guards speedily restored order, and thus ended the reactionary plot schemed by the King's uncle.

LIBORIO ROMANO, LATE NEAPOLITAN MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

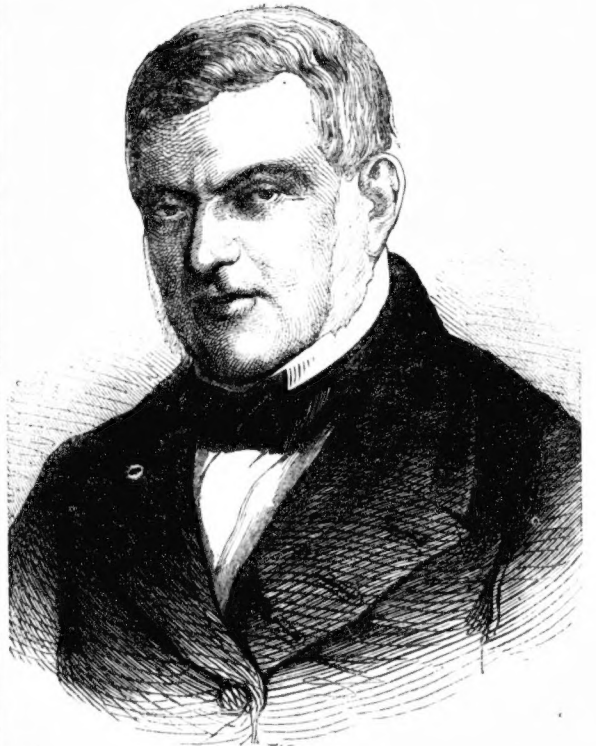
ONE of the most eminent and influential men in Naples is Liborio Romano, who lately held very high and important functions in the Constitutional Ministry.

He was born in the year 1796, in a village of Terra d'Otranto, and he received his earliest tuition, at Lecce, from Francesco Bernardini Cicala, well known for his poetic writings. In Naples he entered upon an academic course of study in jurisprudence, and in the year 1820 he obtained, by public competition, the post of "Juris Civilis et Commercialis," which had been previously filled by Parillo; but, during a subsequent reactionary movement his liberal opinions caused him to be deprived of that appointment. He was arrested, and, after languishing for a year in imprisonment in Santa Maria Apparente, he was placed under police supervision in Naples. Subsequently he obtained a judicial appointment, and his profound legal knowledge and clear judgment gained for him a high reputation as an advocate, and thirty-three volumes of judicial treatises which he submitted to the press bear evidence of his literary activity.

In the year 1837 he was, together with Jeremiah Mattza, denounced as a demagogue. In 1848 he joined the moderate Liberal party, and published a handbook of constitutional law. By the authority of the Police Director, Peccheneta, of evil renown, Romano was again arrested in 1849, and suffered two years' imprisonment with his friends Scialoja and Bacca. During his captivity he pursued his studies in jurisprudence, and wrote a treatise on the influence exercised by the four greatest poets of Italy on modern civilisation. At the expiration of the period of his imprisonment he was banished, and he repaired to France. There he devoted a year at the College of Montpellier to a course of natural philosophy, and, thence removing to Paris, he again pursued his studies in jurisprudence. About this time he published a pamphlet in the French language, entitled "Les Principes de l'Economie Politique puises dans l'Economie Animale." During his residence in Paris he enjoyed the friendship of all the political and scientific notabilities of that capital. With Guizot, Augustin Thierry, Lamennais, and Barrot he was on terms of the closest intimacy.

After his return to Naples, in the year 1855, he devoted himself to the practice of his profession as an advocate, and filled up his leisure in scientific studies; but he was frequently annoyed by the machinations of the police.

In consequence of the recent political changes he was, last June,



LIBORIO ROMANO, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR AND OF POLICE.

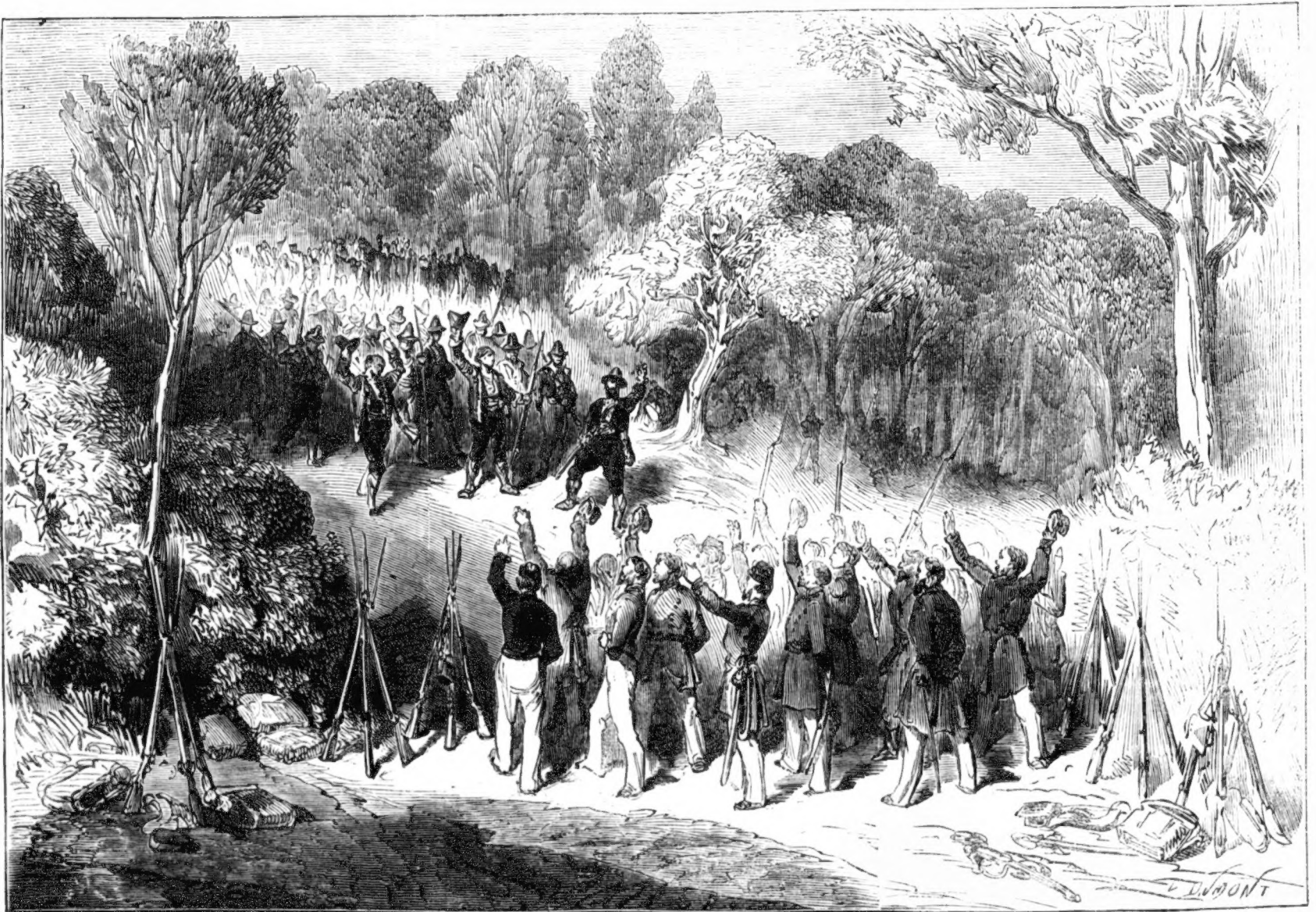
appointed to the post of Prefect of Police in Naples. By his judicial integrity and regular habits of business he has conferred honour on the appointment, which had been disgraced by his predecessor, the ex-Prefect Paschalis Governa; and at a very trying time he succeeded in restoring tranquillity to the capital. His installation in office was joyfully greeted by every well-wisher to his country. In a few days after his appointment the portfolio of the Minister of the Interior and of Police was confided to him. Romano laboured earnestly to consolidate the revival of his native country, but he has this week retired from the Administration of which he was the leading member.

CALABRIAN MOUNTAINEERS JOINING GARIBALDI'S TROOPS.

OUR Engraving represents one of those incidents which have so frequently occurred during the late progress of Garibaldi's volunteers through the country on their way to Naples.

Amongst all the people of Italy there are few more calculated to endure the hardship and fatigue of volunteer service than the Calabrian mountaineers, and, while their patriotism has been unquestioned, they have for years writhed with sullen but impotent wrath under the tyranny and oppression of their Bourbon rulers.

The opportunity having arrived, it may readily be imagined with what



CALABRIAN VOLUNTEERS.

mutual enthusiasm the meetings between Garibaldi's troops and these brave recruits were greeted.

Already trained to hardy exercise, armed, and burning to avenge their own and their country's wrongs, these stalwart mountaineers hailed with delight the appearance of a triumphant and liberating army, who on their part were glad to swell their ranks by the accession of men ready to do and dare all that they themselves had endured for the same righteous cause.

GATE OF CAPOUANE NAPLES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the multitude of pictures that would seem to represent every place in Italy to which any artistic importance can be attached, there are still spots in that land favoured alike by Nature and Art which offer to the student of the beautiful new features and undoubted loveliness. In the streets, too, there is presented so great a variety of the rich and picturesque in ornament and architecture that "studies" requiring all the ability of the sketching tourist to do justice to it may occur at short intervals during a mere morning stroll.

These places have now added to them a very significant interest, since many of them are connected with the recent events by which the great Italian Liberator has achieved, with a rapidity and success unparalleled in history, the freedom of his country from a yoke which had grown insupportable. Already we foresee that spots hitherto unnoticed will, by their intimate association with the progress of General Garibaldi, acquire a reputation which will suffice to give them a place in our portfolios; and by that we shall assuredly be the gainers, since so many of them are intrinsically full of interest from the striking artistic features which they contain. Amongst such the Capouane Gate at Naples, although not hitherto known, will attain principal distinction, since it was here that the volunteers first entered the city from Avellino; and even without this historical distinction the grand old portal is sufficiently interesting to merit a more than ordinary share of attention. Under this massive gateway, flanked by its two solid towers, and rich in its architectural decorations, flows the leaping, roaring, and excited tide

of Neapolitan life. The shops themselves, with their draped windows and canopied fronts, throw an agreeable appearance of shade in that glaring Italian sunshine when the city life is teeming in the streets; while the strange, quaint signs hung up here and there give the place the appearance of a fair—an impression by no means diminished by the itinerant vendors of cheap refreshment, who vie

measures for evacuating the town, which they accomplished the following morning in good order. The force consisted of about eighty men, well armed and provided with ammunition, and after leaving Truxillo it proceeded in the direction of Cape Gracias, where it was attacked by the Honduras troops, losing a few men in the encounter. Subsequently, it appears, the fugitives encamped on the Rio Negro, but here they were

in their shouts with the drivers of the various conveyances.

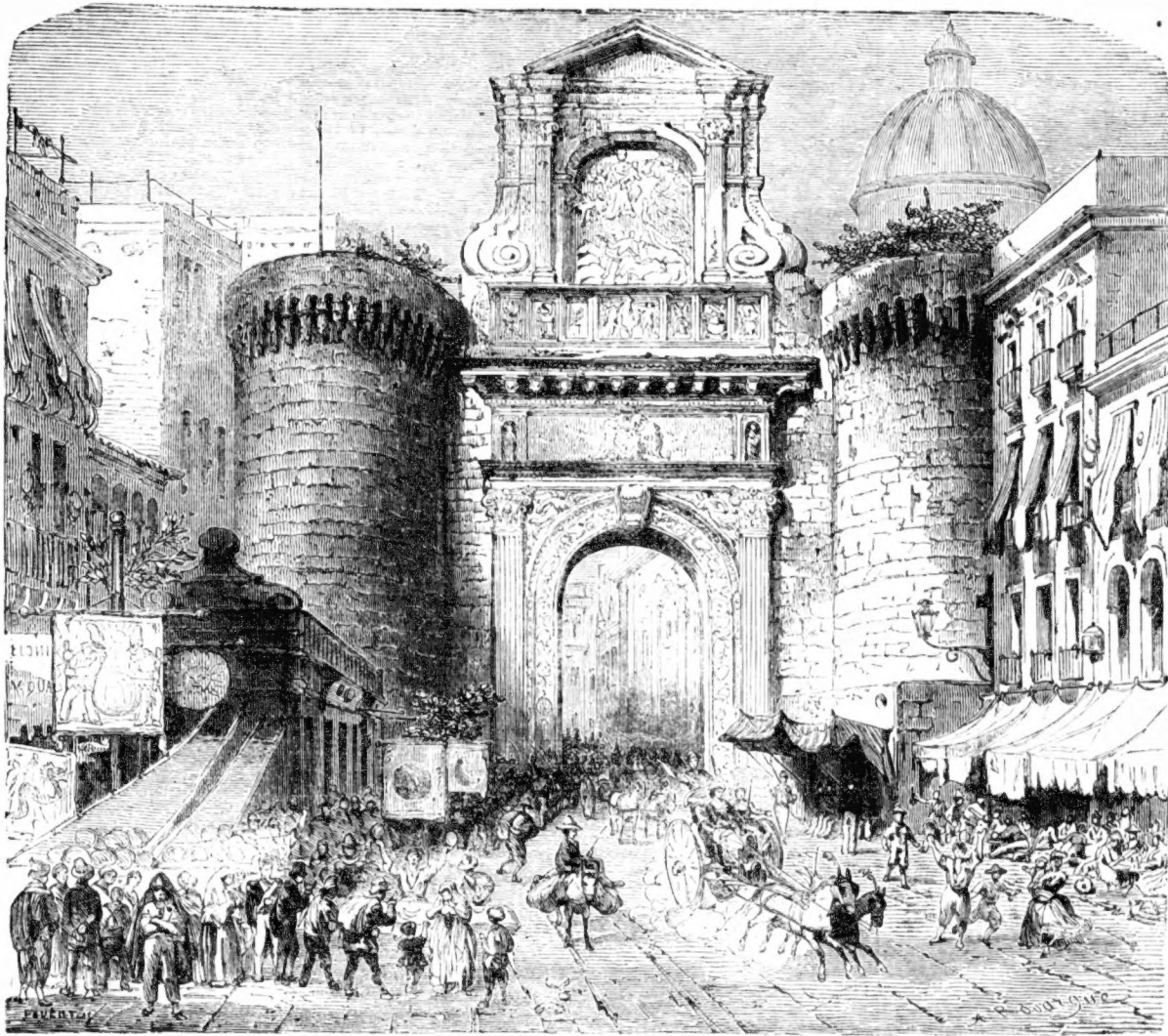
In a city full of romance, of strange sounds and sights, and with a population which exhibits that marvellous elasticity of spirits and excitable temperament which is the wonder of our more phlegmatic nation, these old gateways are standing points in which, as it were, by one view the customs, the people, and the very history of Naples lie in vivid colours before the spectator.

LANDING OF THE ALPINE CACCIATORI AT SANTA LUCIA, NAPLES.

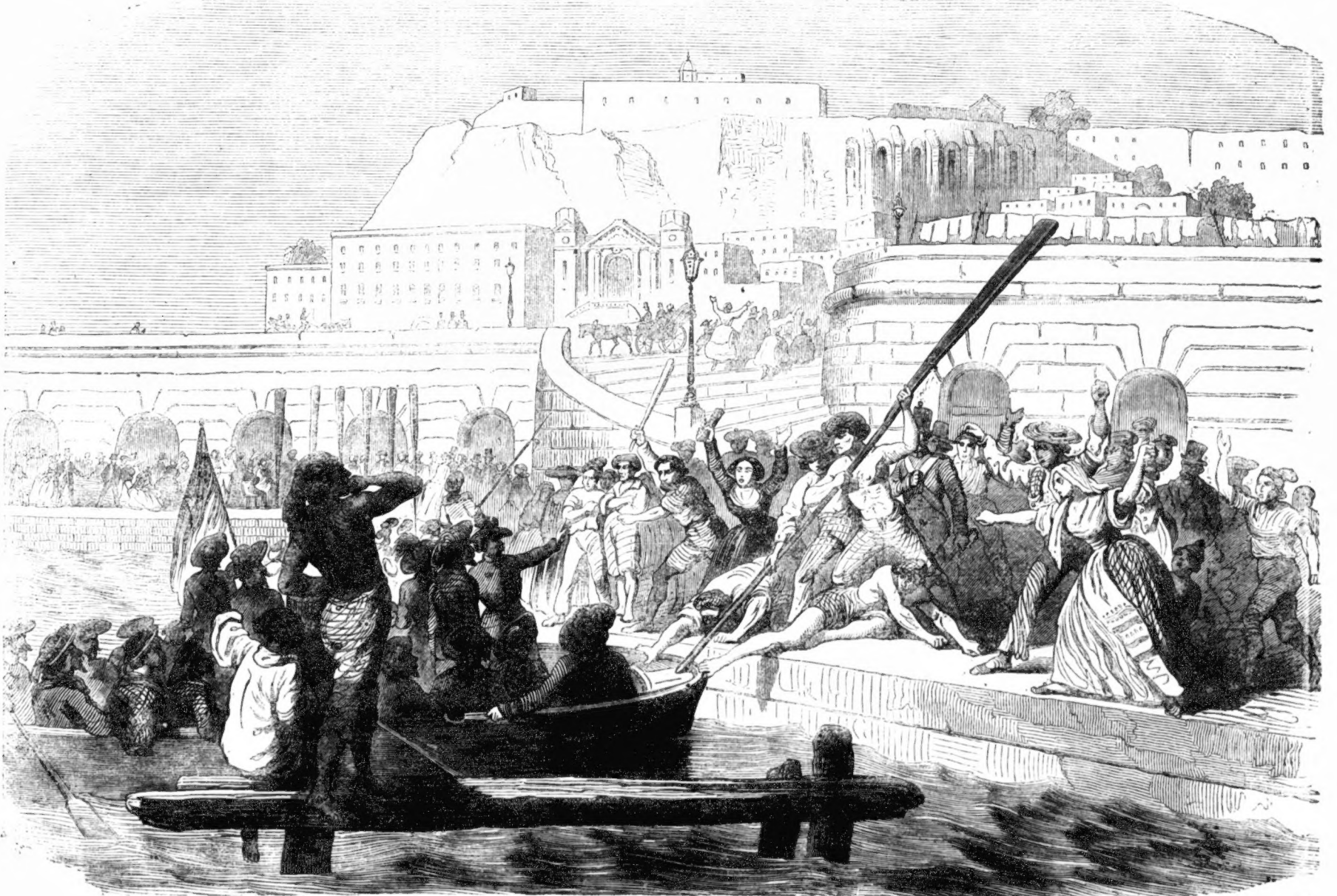
On the 17th of August two barques, strongly manned, approached the shore of Santa Lucia for the purpose, it was alleged, of shortening their course to a neighbouring vessel by passing under the arch of the bridge which connects Castel d'Ovo with the main land. They were perceived by the sentinel on the bridge, who immediately gave the alarm. Meanwhile, the visitors were assailed by a volley of stones hurled at them by a crowd of loyal lazzaroni of Santa Lucia. The Sardinians, unprepared for this reception from the rude sons of Parthenope, steered on their course, keeping, however, at a convenient distance from their assailants, and promising to take an early opportunity of teaching them better manners.

GENERAL WALKER CAPTURED.

THE career of Walker and his filibustering companions in Central America has, by the display of a little spirit and energy on the part of Commander Salmon, of the British sloop of war *Icarus*, been brought to a speedy and not very honourable termination. On the 20th of August the *Icarus* appeared before Truxillo, and, at the summons of her Commander, Walker and his gang took immediate measures for evacuating the town, which they accomplished the following morning in good order. The force consisted of about eighty men, well armed and provided with ammunition, and after leaving Truxillo it proceeded in the direction of Cape Gracias, where it was attacked by the Honduras troops, losing a few men in the encounter. Subsequently, it appears, the fugitives encamped on the Rio Negro, but here they were



PORTE CAPOUANE, THE GATE BY WHICH THE VOLUNTEERS FROM AVELLINO ENTERED NAPLES.



LANDING OF PIEDMONTESE TROOPS AT ST. LUCIA, (FROM A SKETCH BY R. GROB.)

DUMAS IN OFFICE.—M. Alexandre Dumas, it is said, has been appointed Director of the Museum of Naples and of the excavations carried on at Pompeii. The museum, which was known as the "Museo Borbonico," is one of the richest in works of antique art in Europe, containing a vast collection of the marbles, bronzes, and other objects found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, besides the magnificent group the "Fiora Farnese" and the colossal "Flora Farnese," and the renowned gallery of Venuses, of which the "Callistrus" is the most celebrated.

Literature.

El Fureidis. By MARIA S. CUMMINS, Author of "The Lamplighter" and "Mabel Vaughan." 2 vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

Perhaps it will not give a bad idea of the more superficial faults of this story if we begin by saying that it took us a very long time to settle down to its perusal. The movement of the tale is slow; there are few or no saliently attractive passages to catch the eye: in fact, it is as meritoriously dull and heavily agreeable a book as ever was born of a recent enthusiasm. The authoress lets us know in her preface that, under the guidance of some friends, she has "done" a good deal of Oriental-travel literature, and been captivated by the Asian Mystery. The next thing was to write a love-story in which she should use her descriptive material, and "*El Fureidis*"—which might have been called "*Love in Lebanon*"—is the result.

We have, at length, read "*El Fureidis*" with great attention and considerable interest. Meredith, an Englishman, young, handsome, athletic, and very rich, goes to the East, and while in Lebanon falls in love with Havilah, the daughter of a Franco-American father by an Oriental mother. In this girl we have, of course, Oriental insight and far-sighted joined to Occidental energy, intelligence, and cultivation, and the part she plays in the story brings out this character. Meredith is, morally, a narrow escape of a great man, but is represented as not yet having "gone out to meet the Infinite," though full of sympathy and artistic feeling. He sees in Havilah a something which places a "gulf" between their souls, but he falls in love with her for all that. The nature of this "gulf" is soon made apparent. This high-souled, sympathetic, artistic Englishman uses his Bible as a Guidebook to Jericho and Reiter's Olio. He fills it with memoranda and ticks in the margin, like a "Bradshaw," to the horror of Havilah and the clear manifestation of his own emptiness of a due sense of "the infinite." One evening, the sun is setting gloriously as he and the girl are abroad on Lebanon and with Hermon sublime in the distance. Meredith, "seated on a fallen column," begins to spout poetic passages out of his Olio, in a purely æsthetic vein, which shocks the maiden; and follows up that stroke of excellent (and particularly English) taste by another—coolly drawing the scene on his knee. "To Havilah's clear perceptions," we are now told, all this "held up the mirror to this man's nature;" and we are scarcely surprised to learn soon after that, having proposed a union, he is rejected, on the ground that union was impossible between such a one as she and a gentleman who had not yet "gone out to meet the infinite." We might almost omit what follows. Of course, under the chastening of sorrow and the influence of texts quoted in his hearing, Meredith, at last, puts on his hat (we speak in parables) and goes, and Havilah is his. In the interval her father is bereaved and ruined, along with the whole village, and Meredith plays the part of general benefactor, guide, philosopher, and friend; while a young Arab, by no means ill-sketch-in, who is in love with Havilah too, diversifies the scene with his jealous freaks, though without once raising a fear in the reader's mind that he will break the thread of Meredith's wooing. We are sorry to say that, to our thinking, Meredith is a great deal stupider after his journey to meet the infinite than he was before. We are also sorry to say that the seraphic Havilah is not raised by communion with the infinite above the little tricks of her sex; and we find it unblushingly said, on page 126, vol. ii., that a remark of hers "addressed to Father Lapierre was intended for Meredith, to whom it was equally audible." We ourselves have no objection to such a little obliquity, or to twenty like it, in the sex,

Whose mode of candour is deceit;

but it is not permissible in Havilah, who rejects a man like Meredith upon a misconception of 2 Cor. vi. 14, which is blown to pieces (if a misconception can be so dealt with) by sections ii. and iv. of Paley's Discourse on "Caution in the Use of Scripture Language."

The bad taste ascribed to Meredith, in the instances we have noted, is so obtrusively absurd, so improbable in such a man, that the mere ascription of it to him almost turns the book into caricature. But there is another blunder of the very grossest kind. After the "conversion" of Meredith, in the scene where he and Havilah are "making it up," the young man says, "You are mine, as I am yours, for all eternity. The time has been when I should have been satisfied with less But then I loved as men love who die; not, as now, with the love of souls which live for ever." Anything more audacious in its opposition of convention to fact we never read. Can it be sincerely written? Does not the authoress know that, even in the "unconverted," "love is love for evermore?" that the thirst for immortality is nowhere so strong as in the breast of a lover? that nothing less than all eternity in each other's arms ever enters into the heads of an enamoured couple? She ought to know this before writing about love. But there is worse to come. In this passage, and its implication, there is an insincere shifting of the meaning of the word "love." The authoress cannot have forgotten Matt. xxii. 30—a text no lover ever read without a pang:—"In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." What, then, did Meredith mean? He could only mean that he and Havilah would regard each other in the next world as he could not endure, and did not endure, that she should regard him in this. Now, he might be convinced of that, but that he should go into raptures about it ("Oh, bless you for that word!") is out of the question. In truth, the whole passage is false and stilted, and the bearing of our criticism upon it takes in the whole idea of the book. Nothing is more natural or more beautiful than that a man should get the key to all life and all truth from a woman's love—should first really go out "to meet the infinite" in the light of her eyes; but if any attempt is made to work up this purely natural phenomenon with a supernatural one (as is done here, where the machinery of Meredith's "conversion" is unmitigated Little Bethel) the result is false, artificial, and abominable. The same sort of thing was done in Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing," and was the great blemish of that beautiful book. It is constantly and most offensively done in American works of the pious school, and we should be happy to think that, by dealing with it thus plainly in a particular case, we were doing something to make it as nauseous and ridiculous to others as it is to ourselves and (we are bold to add) to all who love truth in art, and know it when they see it.

Camp-Life: or Passages from the Story of a Contingent. By LANCELLES WRAXALL, Author of "The Armies of Europe," &c. C. J. Skeet.

These Crimean experiences of Captain Wraxall, told in his free, dashing way—just sufficient opinion being intermixed with the other matter to keep up an air of independent thought, and not enough to fatigue the reader—are very amusing, and not uninteresting. The sketch of the French John Bull is really capital, and very suggestive. But the "gem" of the book is the story of "The Woman in Grey," which might surely be worked up by some playwright into a pretty little melodrama. One winter's night a sentinel swore, and stuck to it, that he had been haunted during the whole time he was on duty by a woman in grey, who kept on making signals which he, like a good Catholic, declined to follow. For a week's time every sentinel told the same tale, and at last it came to be believed. The Captain of the day interfered, and set one Patrick Leary (real name, Captain W. ?), a colour-sergeant of dare-devil repute, to do duty as sentinel, and armed him with a revolver, bidding him fire if necessary; but, if possible, he was to take the woman alive. The woman came, was coaxed on by Pat till he found she had a long grey beard, declined to come too close, was by him pursued, and fell over her petticoats as she ran. Soon she rose and drew breath—and a yataghan. There was "a low, mocking laugh" (of course) from the stranger, and a sharp struggle, in which Pat got a stab from the dagger and the greybeard a wound from Pat's revolver. Both fell; the shot brought up help, and the greybeard was found to be a fine old man. "It appeared" (this is our phrase, not Captain Wraxall's) that he was a poor old Pole, whose lovely daughter, Eudoxia, aged three-and-twenty, was the

detenue of the Russian governor, her tender little life being held in pawn for her pa's fidelity as a spy on the English lines. "At length a dreadful ordeal was offered him: he was told that, if he could induce an English soldier to desert, from whom some valuable information might be obtained, his sentence would be reversed, and he would be free to go where he pleased with his daughter. Maddened by the thought of liberty, Constantine attired himself in a feminine garb (i.e., dressed himself in woman's clothes,—our translation will be welcome to the merely English reader), hoping thus to attract some sentinel from his post. He would then wound him, though not dangerously, and drag him into the Russian lines. In fact, it grew a monomania with Constantine that he must catch a Briton alive." Poor old fellow! Certainly no man in his senses could hope much from the enterprise, considering the very vague condition which we have italicised in the terms of the bargain. That condition, of course, left it open to the brutal and perfidious Russ to say that the information "obtained" from any fish hooked by poor Constantine was not "valuable." Well, Lord Raglan heard of this story, visited the prisoner, and told him to cheer up, and so on; but, with a conical ball in his backbone, and his daughter in the cruel jaws of the enslaver of his native land, how could Constantine be gay? Two nights later the Russians were shooting smartly "into our trenches," and presently "a figure" came "crossing the open at frantic speed," with a shower of balls behind and around it. Our men sprang forward to rescue it. It was rescued. It was Eudoxia—

Which, when the Captain came to hear on't,
Very much applauded what she'd done;

or, as Captain Wraxall puts it, "Lord Raglan no sooner heard of the heroism she had displayed than he gave directions"—and so forth. At this stage of the story it will be seen that dramatic exigencies imperatively demand that Leary and Eudoxia should marry. But, whether they do or not, we owe it to Captain Wraxall's book not to say. Let the playwright buy it and find out. All we shall add is that the story ends, not with orange-blossoms, but with an ounce of tobacco in the neighbourhood of Mr. Wyld's Great Globe, and that inside that tobacco was found—but the coincidence is too startling for the columns of this sober Journal, and we again refer to the book itself. But Captain Wraxall is guilty of unsoldierly conduct when he says, in the same breath, that he has himself "verified the circumstances," and that we may believe them or not, as we please. Such an obliging readiness to accept the lie from mere civilians is not becoming in an officer and a gentleman; and it so far excites our suspicions that we shall not believe the story of "The Woman in Grey" unless the gallant Captain can produce the paper in which the tobacco was wrapped, which would satisfy us, upon the principle laid down by Cennam's forsaken one, in "Little Dorrit,"—"I'm sure I cried for two hours after you left me up in the back parlour; and there is the back parlour to prove my words."

Archæia; or, Studies of the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures. By I. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.G.S., Principal of McGill College, Author of "Acadian Geology," &c. Sampson Low and Co.

This English reprint of a book published at Montreal does not give us the highest idea of the attainments or the acuteness of Dr. Dawson. It will be very acceptable, we dare say, in libraries for the upper classes of Sunday schools, and for those "Young Men's Societies," which languish on from year to year in a state of chronic unconsciousness, attached to the larger and more intelligent dissenting Churches. But the title, which is rather pretentious, must not be allowed to mislead readers who do not care to consult such libraries. We observe a motto from Whewell on the titlepage; but we would suggest, for the next edition, the following:—"Ay, Sir; the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers of all ages." What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanconiatian, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter hath these words:—"Anarchon ara kai atelation to pan, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also (who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser, Asser being a Syrian word, usually applied as a surname to the Kings of that country—as Teglath Pnel-Asser, Nabon-Asser)—he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for, as we usually say, *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate— But, Sir, I ask pardon; I am straying from the question." (Jenkinson.) We are distinctly of opinion—an opinion which, after having read much upon the subject, we have never hesitated about for a moment—that the attempt to juggle the creative "day," with its "evening and morning" staring you in the face, into an "æon," is as ridiculous as any trick of Mr. Jenkinson's (draft on Flamborough and green spectacles both included), and very nearly as discreditable to the dupes and the duped. We retain this opinion after having read all that Mr. Dawson writes on pages 112 and 113.

Mr. Dawson, it should be stated, digresses a good deal, and now and then lets fall a profound word upon such fashionable topics as "pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical-glasses." Thus, we learn (p. 244) that "one essential difference between imitative art and nature is that the former is wholly superficial, while the latter has an inner life and finer structure, corresponding to its outward form," which we hope will not disturb the mind of Schlegel in Hades. Again (p. 225), this idea is expanded into the statement that "truly may the lily of the field laugh to scorn the efforts of human art when we place them in competition," which we agree to, placing an emphasis on the *when*, and struggling a little to conceive the image of a laughing lily. "Much," we are told, "is said and done in our time with reference to the cultivation of popular taste for fine art as a means of civilisation, and this, so far as it goes, is well." Once more we acquiesce, not quite seeing how anything can be "well" farther than "it goes." But we are at a loss to know what is intended, unless it be a note of encouragement to designers of evasive stereoscopic slides, by the statement that the human "frame is not the less beautiful that, in our present fallen state, considerations, both moral and physical, require that the nakedness which was its primeval glory and distinction (?) should be covered from our sight." Mr. Dawson "does not profess to speak authoritatively on such subjects" (p. 227); but when a man diverges from the megatherium to the Milo Venus the rudeness of the transition demands, we submit, that he should speak intelligibly.

Army Misrule; with Barrack Thoughts, and other Poems. By a COMMON SOLDIER. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

From the ranks comes a strange book; but it is not written, as asserted, by "A Common Soldier." He must be a very uncommon Guardsman who is possessed of a hot temperament, a faculty for seeing calmly and dispassionately faults in management, in officers, and, above all, in principles; who is probably (as the conventional word goes) a gentleman; who certainly displays the culture and good sense of a gentleman; and who is evidently gifted by nature with a good brain, which exerts itself in felicity of expression, both in argument and sarcasm. The papers on "Army Misrule" are collected from a magazine. The poems are also republished, and *Once a Week* is stated to have been the cradle of more than one. To examine carefully what the book says, and to treat the subject in the style of the "Common Soldier," would be to pursue the scarcely possible course of writing an answer as big as the book itself. By "answer" we do not mean a refutation. Far from it. No sensible mind could complain of any of the "Common Soldier's" complaints; but certain deductions and allowances are to be made. It is but fair, with all respect for the material of which the ranks are composed, to say that the ranks were never organised for such Englishmen as could be capable of writing the book before us. The writer got into the wrong place, and it is well for him (and not fatal to the Army) that he has been enabled to get out of it.

After all, much as we admire the spread of education, and much as we respect those men who acquire cultivation through their own endeavours, it is certain that our battalions will never better combat our enemies for being leavened with Junius, Savage, Miss Mulock, Helps, Dr. Arnold, and scores of others apparently in familiar intercourse with our author. They will not fight worse, but they will not fight better; and when a man has all that literature to his back he had better employ it to some purpose other than the drawing of steel, and not hide his attainments under a red coat. There will always be for our Army sufficient men who have only studied the rifle and the sword. They are the men wanted.

We are glad to meet the writer of this little book in a walk more congenial to his tastes and predilections than a barrack-yard. But as he writes of a barrack-yard we must take him upon that subject. He considers the Army to be a degrading profession. His reasons are—that the soldier is subject to the lash; that he may have to toil over a grass-field with a garden-roller in order that his officer may play cricket; that certain ugly duties devolve upon him too unsavoury to be here recapitulated; that the stock is galling, &c., &c. There are no arguments to be given against such complaints as these, and it is to be regretted that such causes do conduce to very great irritation in the ranks. But, for all that, we cannot call the Army a "degrading profession." It is certainly not so degrading as the probable profession of ninety-nine men in a hundred had they not enlisted. It is a bad fact for the writer that he is principally indignant with the non-commissioned officers, whilst, at the same time, he dislikes the commissioned officers so much that he considers the practice of compulsory saluting to be degrading. We can but think that many instances of hardness of heart, but sheer stupidity, that admits a soldier to hospital only at nine in the morning!

The impression left by this book on the mind of the reader is that the Army is on the eve of a general mutiny, and that, in action, a fair proportion of officers are murdered by their men. We are tolerably certain that one is not the case, and we are not at all inclined to give any belief to the other. These are the weaknesses of the work, which, in general, is remarkable for common sense and clear perception, although far too overlaid with a rather worn-out idea that Lord Palmerston can never be serious over anything.

The handful of poems assort strangely with the previous papers. They have merits—principally that they are neither ambitious nor pretentious, but occasional verses such as gentlemen of culture will write with ease and ordinary readers may read once with pleasure.

Corvoda Abbey; or, Lights and Shadows of the Present Day. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

This is a weakish High-Church story, not without character and ability; but it belongs, after all, to a morbid, debilitating school, which rejoices in doctrines half thought out, and leans to mortification of the flesh and painted glass. The dedication will give the key to the story. "To THOSE who, in this day of rebuke and blasphemy, having been troubled by the faults even of the truehearted, or the falling away of friends, are learning through such trials the lessons of faith, patience, and forbearance, this tale is, with affectionate sympathy, dedicated." This long, namby-pamby sentence (the italics are ours) tells us at a glance three or four things. The authoress is out of sympathy with her age, and finds it full of "rebuke" and "blasphemy." She is on such a platform of mild goodness herself that she is condescendingly "troubled" that "even the truehearted" should have "faults." She makes public the quite confidential fact that her "friends" have "fallen away" from her. She glories in learning "patience and forbearance;" and offers her anonymous "sympathy" to those who are undergoing similar "trials." All this is just a disclosure of gentle but inveterate conceit, which so clouds the understanding that it cannot but misread the facts of life, and is forced to break out in this vein of patronising querulousness. We know the type well. It is a diseased type, for which we prescribe alternate courses of muscular Christianity in the country, and City-missionarying in a colliery district. After a few months of such treatment the authoress of "*Corvoda Abbey*" would write a good story, very unlike "*Corvoda Abbey*," though retaining its good points.

My Life and Adventures. An Autobiography. By the Author of "New El Dorado," &c. 2 vols. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Everybody knows Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, how he writes, what sort of stories he tells, and (nearly enough for practical purposes) how much to believe. The fact that this is called an "Autobiography" needs embarrass no one. Let the reader read as carelessly as the writer wrote, and credit what he likes of an Irishman's adventures, told by himself and dedicated to Bulwer Lytton, by way (we presume) of oath or asseveration. We, for one, cheerfully accept this inscription—for what it is worth, and the author's adventures for the same.

But the book is far from dull, and may be read, in an afternoon, agreeably enough.

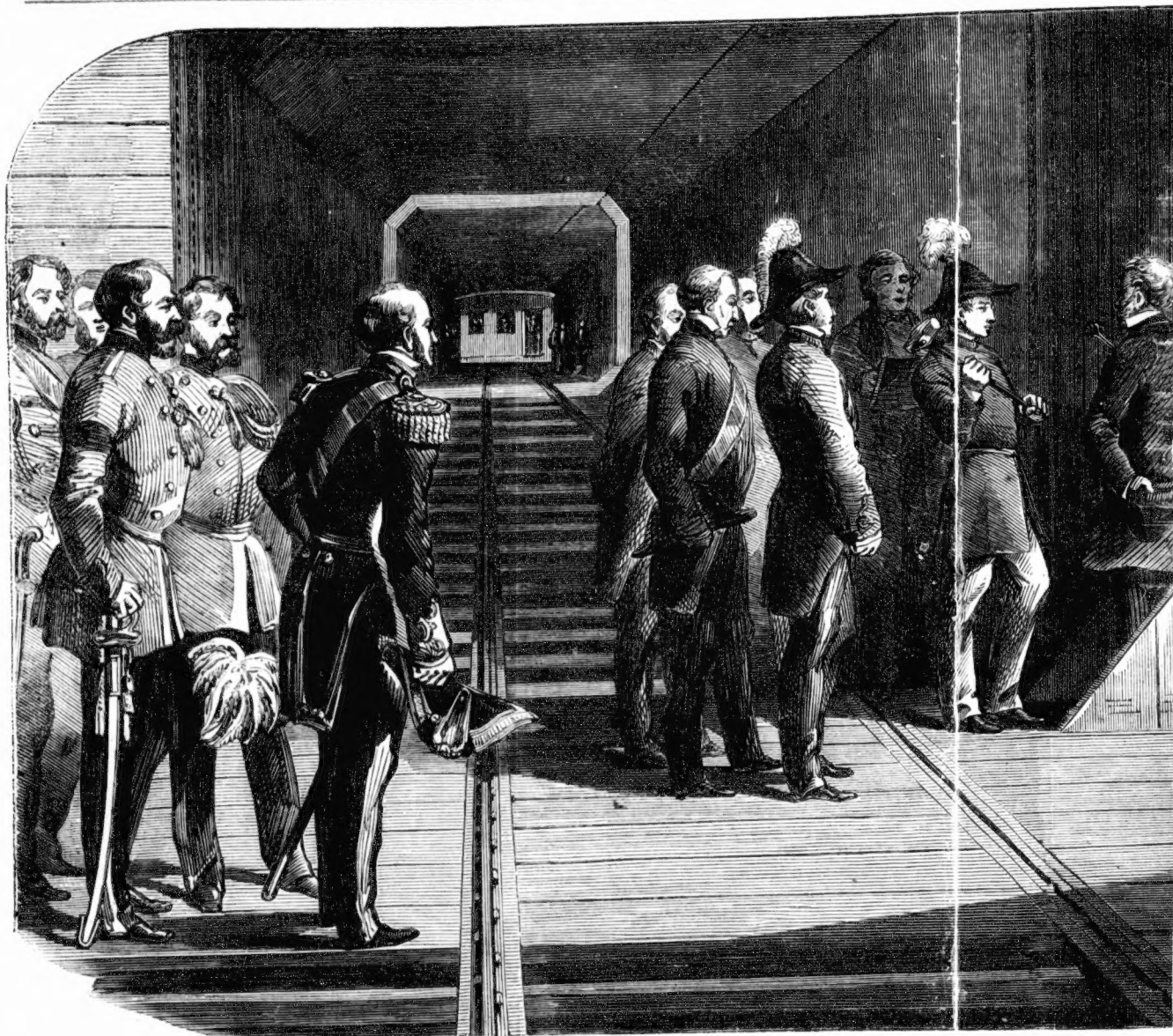
Count Cavour—His Life and Career. By BASIL H. COOPER, B.A., of the University of London. Judd and Glass.

"The greater portion of this little work," says Mr. Cooper, in his "advertisement" to the reader, "lays claim to no superior rank than belongs to the unpretending labours of a compiler and translator." Never mind; what is done is well done; and Mr. Cooper gives us an informing and easy-reading little book about the statesman in question. Since it was written Captain Sword has somewhat put Captain Pen's nose out of joint in reference to Italian affairs. But knowledge is always power; and any reader may be glad to take up Mr. Cooper's volume. It is dedicated to "Charles Dickens, Esq., Italy's best friend in England"—which we do not quite understand.

SOLDIERS' PETS.—We regret to hear that an order has been issued in India—at least in the north-west provinces—waging war, not against vice and immorality, but against "soldiers' pets." The military authorities have issued orders—First, that all pictures, engravings, and decorations of the sort, are to be removed from the barrack-rooms; secondly, that private lights are not to be used by the soldiers, to whom, indeed, oil lamps, fed with very bad oil, which give little light and much smoke, are issued; thirdly, that all "pets" are to be removed out of the barracks, and that the outhouses which have been built for them are to be pulled down and destroyed. An edict of extermination has gone forth against the parrots, monkeys, dogs, pigeons, and other mute friends of the soldier, and if some kindly officer does not shelter them in his compassion for his men they are killed or driven forth. Verily this is the way to nurse discontent and to feed the spirit of mutiny.

MAGISTRAL CHANGES.—Mr. J. Leigh, now stipendiary magistrate at Wolverhampton, will succeed to the vacancy on the metropolitan bench caused by the death of Mr. Jardine. Mr. Leigh will sit at Worship-street Police Court, in the room of Mr. Barker, who will be transferred to Clerkenwell, in succession to Mr. Corrie, who has already taken Mr. Jardine's place at Bow-street. Mr. W. Partridge, of the Oxford Circuit, was been appointed stipendiary magistrate at Wolverhampton in the room of Mr. Leigh. The reversionary of Bath, vacant by Mr. Jardine's death, will be filled by Mr. T. W. Saunders, of the Western Circuit, now Recorder of Dartmouth.

NANA SAHIB.—The Bengal *Harkura* has the following:—"The Nana has turned up again. Our correspondent at Gorruckpore wrote us on the 16th instant—received by us yesterday—as follows:—"All doubt about the Nana is now cleared up—he is still alive—though, I fear, out of our reach. A man who was taken away from this district, and has been for some time a prisoner in the rebel camp, has returned. He is very ill, but every care is taken of him, so that there is hope of his recovery. Government has ordered the man's depositions to be taken and forwarded to the proper quarters. Report gives this as his tale. The Nana and his friends, before leaving Nepal, each cut off their little finger and performed all the ceremonies of a funeral as of leaving their whole bodies in Holy India. This being done, they entered upon their march to the north, and had escaped through a pass to the other side of the snowy range; and the camp consists of a force of about 10,000 men and thirteen guns. It appears they left Nepal about the time when the last notice of the rebels appeared in your paper, at leaving they were joined by a brigade from Central India."



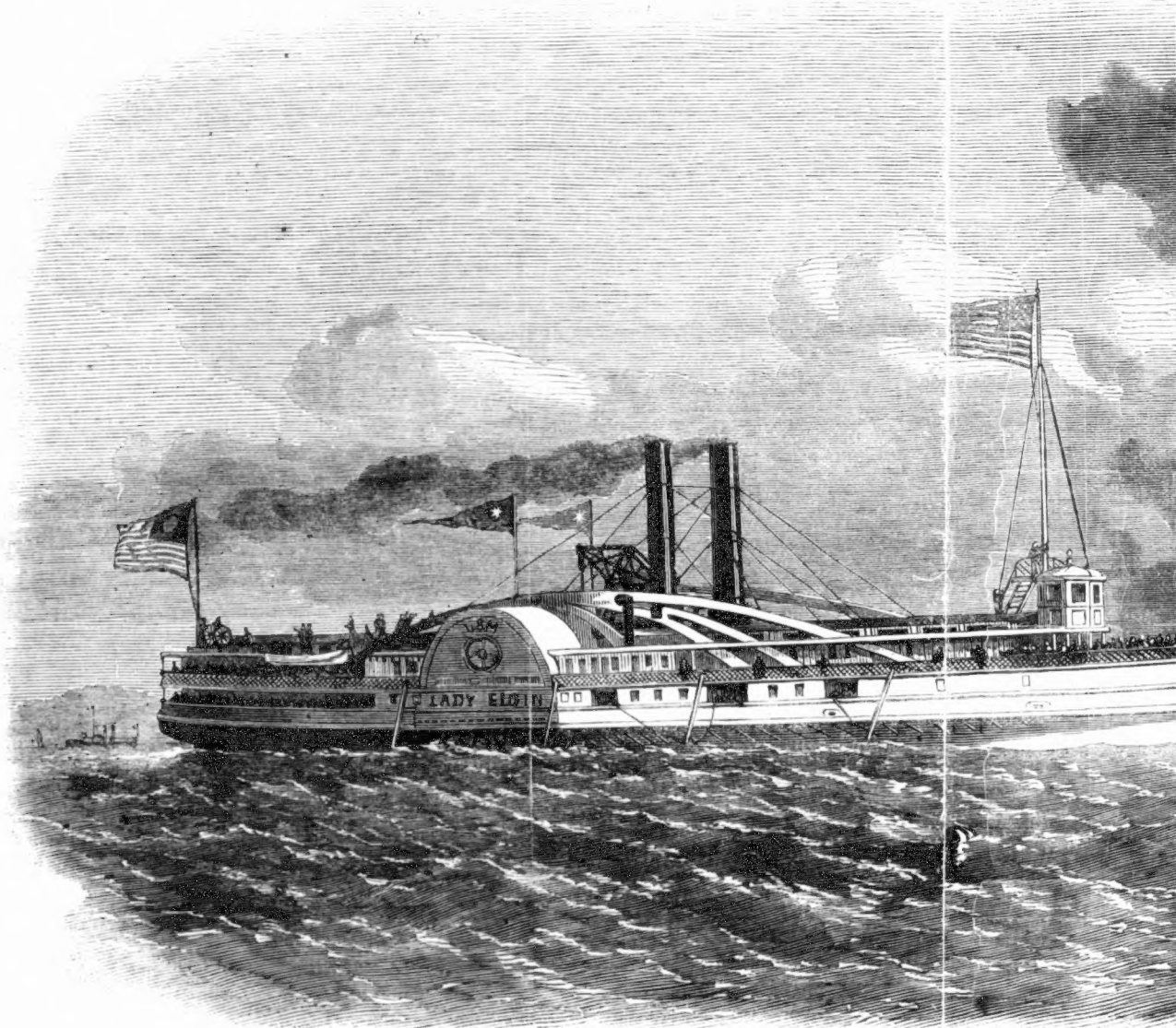
THE PRINCE OF WALES FIXING THE LAST RIVET IN THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

THE "LADY ELGIN."

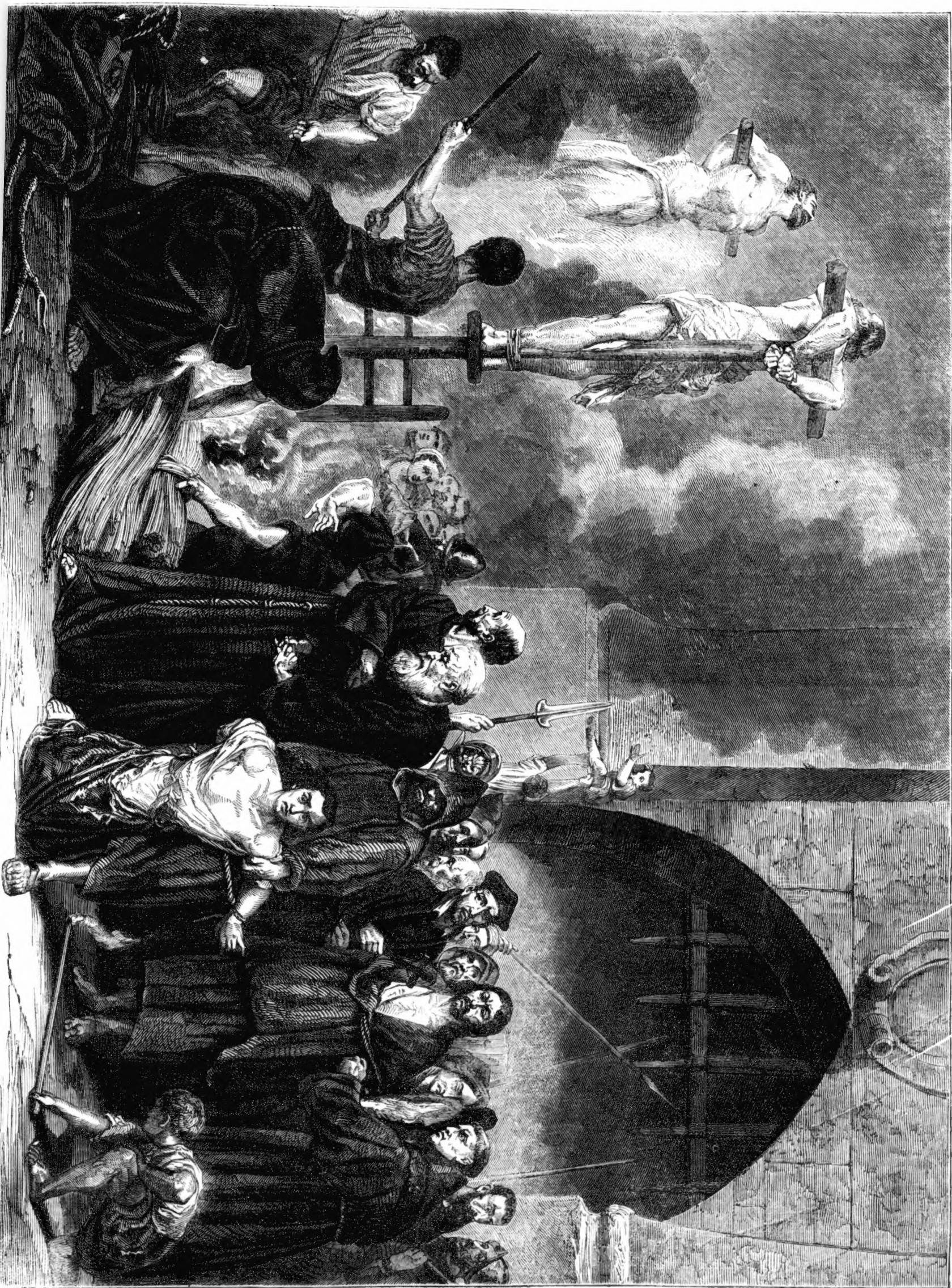
The *Lady Elgin*, the unhappy vessel which went down in Lake Michigan with some four hundred human creatures, was built in Canada about nine or ten years ago, and was named after the wife of the then Governor-General of British America. (She was a paddle-

wheel steamer of about three hundred feet long, and one thousand tons burden. She was a fast and favourite boat, and lately was much employed in excursion parties. For the first five years after her construction, however, the *Lady Elgin* was employed in the Canada traffic of the lakes, and carried the mails along the northern shores while the

Great Trunk plete. At th According t that the *Lady* have been slig



THE "LADY ELGIN" STEAMER.



complete destruction. It is evident from the appearance of the wreck or that part of it which has been washed ashore, that the fatal catastrophe was brought about by the dropping of the engine through the bottom. The larboard wheel seems to have been wholly carried away by the schooner in collision, with most of the engine-braces on that side; and, as soon as the ship rolled apart, the engine, having nothing to sustain it, went out on the larboard side of the keel, carrying a large part of the hull.

"THE AUTO DA FE."

THERE are portions of history which need the illustrative genius of the artist to perpetuate their memory amongst a people. Their moral strikes home with greater strength and meaning when the actual scene is presented upon the painter's canvas.

Who has not read of the cruelties of the Inquisition, of the torture-chamber, the faggot and the stake, and has yet, perhaps, failed to be impressed in any way, beyond a sort of vague horror and loathing, with all the terrible details, which when enumerated are often little more than a catalogue of sufferings, containing no forcible appeal to the feelings, and scarcely serving to arouse the finer sentiments? The writers who could best succeed in arousing emotion seldom select such topics for their labour, and what the mere recorder of horrors cannot effect is left to the artist, who, by a faithful combination of incidents, gives us the scene in all its lifelike proportions, and stamps the scene at once on the memory.

In the picture of an auto da fé M. Robert Fleury has done service both to art and to humanity by the skill with which he has represented one of those occurrences which darkened the age in which they were enacted. From a revolting subject he has succeeded in producing a powerful and effective appeal. Amongst the crowd of figures the stories of the victims seem to stand out with a reality which identifies them with sufferers of whom we have long ago heard, at whose dreadful martyrdom we are still ready to weep.

The two who are already undergoing the first pains of the fiery death are, even in the midst of their agonies with clenched hands and starting limbs, looking upward in the conviction that they die for a faith from which they are determined not to swerve. The old patriarchal Jew, bent down with the weight of years and this dreadful fear, is already only half-conscious of the torture which awaits him; while the young girl, to whom life has only just opened, struggles against the awful doom with all the frenzy of despair and terror, as the hooded fiend behind her strives to drag her from the ground. Amongst those cowed faces full of cruelty there are some which bear the expression only of the fanaticism that deplores the means, but unscrupulously uses it to the determined end. Will they succeed in making a convert of the racked and frenzied creature to whom, in awful mockery, they present the symbol of faith in love and mercy? No: he refuses to abjure, even though a mother's tears must be added to his weight of suffering. These things have been, and the earth is not yet purged of their consequences. M. Fleury's picture is a living volume, which a thoughtful people would do well to read.

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THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

With the ILLUSTRATED TIMES of October 20 will be issued a large, highly-finished Engraving, in surface Lithography, of

MULREADY'S CELEBRATED PICTURE OF THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

Specimens will be ready in a few days. Price of the Newspaper and the Engraving, Fourpence.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1860.

THE ASSOCIATIONS OF WORKING MEN.

THE way in which trades unions are managed is not the only instance of the fact that working men are usually very unfortunate in association. This is much to be regretted, because—while they possess rights equally with other classes of men in a well-governed country, are equally liable to wrongs, and have "interests" to protect as well as merchants and manufacturers—they are individually feeble. Combination is felt to be desirable by all communities—it is absolutely necessary amongst working men; and, though the action of trades unions as exhibited in "strikes" is in nine cases out of ten immoral, and in the tenth impolitic, nobody can expect working men to abandon all union, even on the "labour question." The laws of political economy are respectable, no doubt, and infallible too; but it is not clearly shown that the buyers in the labour market always take equally infallible views of them; nor is there any reason why the sellers should be content to take those views on trust. The very essence of such laws as those of supply and demand is, some compensating power which rights the balance in the general, or in the end. But intervals of disturbance arise; the law may be temporarily infringed in particular; and there is something in the eager way in which buyers of labour hug that law of supply and demand to their bosoms which does favour the suspicion that they have the best of it. On no ground is it reasonable that working men should not combine to protect the interests of labour—to watch the operation of this same law, the very designation of which has somehow fallen into the regions of cant. Trades unions must exist, and ought to exist: they are based on natural instincts, and only need to be governed under enlightened principles to be advantageous as well as justifiable. The misfortune is that they never have been so governed, and are simply productive of mischief. The impression is pretty general amongst "capitalists"—who are not all enlightened men—that these associations are founded upon a settled conspiracy against property—that they are purely selfish; when, in fact, they are nothing but unhappy attempts to secure justice. The evil is rooted, not in robbery, but in ignorance; and this ignorance is duped by idlers equally shallow and selfish, but unluckily endowed with "the gift of the gab." It is impossible to blame working men for combining in their own interest when (as we believe) the injury of other interests forms no part of the plan. We can only deplore that the result simply is to disturb the whole world of industry and to bring ruin on themselves.

Mr. Tidd Pratt, in his annual report, has recalled attention to the fact that other well-meant associations of the poor are conducted in a foolish, ruinous manner. "Friendly societies"

are amongst the most popular and widespread domestic institutions of the country. The principle is well understood—the working not so well, perhaps. A friendly society is a company of working men who agree to pay into a certain fund a few pence every month. After this payment is continued for a year (generally) a member is "free of the society;" should he fall sick, he is paid, say, twelve shillings a week from the common fund during his illness; should his wife die, a few pounds are handed over to him to defray the charge of burying her; should he himself die, a larger sum—varying from £10 to £20—is paid to his widow. There are also, commonly, "widow and orphan funds," supported by separate contribution. It is clear, then, that the "friendly society" is founded on wholesome principles; and it is equally certain that thus some provision is made against sickness and death by hundreds of thousands of working men who otherwise would make no provision at all. But these institutions are worked most unwisely; and this is how it is done:—In a great majority of cases a member of one of these societies takes a public-house; casting about for means to ensure steady custom, he establishes a "lodge" or branch society on the premises. A secretary is soon found; he himself is treasurer, and he lends a room for members to meet in. A few friendly members of other "lodges" form a nucleus, and in due course the society is established. If it is at all numerous, the income is almost always in excess, often largely in excess, of the payments; especially at first, because none but young and healthy men are admitted. The funds increase; and then no inconsiderable part of them is spent in a perfectly absurd manner. Flags must be bought—a single banner often costing as much as thirty pounds. The walls are outraged by tawdry hangings; silver badges, aprons, and other insignia are purchased for the officers; and, in short, a large sum of money is spent in meaningless trumpery. This drain upon the common fund for "properties," however, is less important than the call upon the members' private pockets for beer. In the first place, the business of the society is transacted at the public house; nobody enters a public-house, even on business, without spending money in it; and the meetings are attractive for "harmonic" and social purposes. Moreover, the landlord expects a certain expenditure of drink-money, in return for his kindness in lending the meeting-room. He even solicits now and then, by card, what is called a "friendly lead" to his establishment, these "leads" taking place on Sunday evenings generally, when most of the members feel bound in honour to be present. Their wives accompany them in many cases, and much liquor is drunk "for the good of the house." In some places, we are told by Mr. Pratt, "the system is—spend all the management fund each meeting night; it will be some recompense towards the loan of the room." Further, we hear that in all the friendly societies of one town it is the rule that for every shilling that goes to the sick twopence is spent for the benefit of the landlord!

Surely this is a most improvident way of managing provident associations. No doubt it is true that without the convivial element they would attract far fewer members, and that when all is done and spent the result is a certain family provision in tens of thousands of cases where there would be none, were friendly societies abolished. Nor is it easy to suggest any immediate remedy. That can only arrive when working men are brought to see the evil more generally than they do now—when extended education has enlarged their intelligence and improved their tastes. Meanwhile, it is not too early to beseech their attention to the errors of a system based on wise and honourable principles. By this time they must be pretty well convinced that their Associations for Improving the Working Classes by means of Strikes must be reformed; and when that is done we hope some improvement will be attempted in the economy of friendly societies.

THE REVENUE.

THE account for the quarter ending Saturday shows a decrease on the whole, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, of about £600,000. On customs there is a decrease of about £700,000, on the item of miscellaneous of about £24,000, and on excise of about £480,000. Against this, however, are placed the following increases:—On stamps, about £115,000; taxes, about £20,000; income tax, about £410,000, Post Office, £20,000; Crown lands, £3000.

The account for the year ending Saturday exhibits an increase, as compared with the previous year, of £1,800,000.

On excise there is an increase of nearly £1,350,000; on stamps, about £280,000; on taxes, about £37,000; on income tax, £1,620,000; on Post Office, £115,000; on Crown lands, nearly £8000. On the other hand, there is a falling off in customs of more than £1,400,000; and on miscellaneous of £245,000.

The decrease on customs, both for the quarter and the year, may be attributed almost entirely to the remitted duties.

The decrease on excise for the quarter is only apparent, and arises from the altered periods of collecting the malt duties consequent on the shortened term of credit. There have been actually increases on the following items:—Licenses to refreshment houses, &c.; paper, owing to a recovery of the trade from temporary depression; and spirits, from the additional rate of duty.

The increase on excise for the year is derived from the shortening of the malt credit, which has realised £700,000, and improved receipts generally.

On stamps there is a general improvement, with increased receipts from new duties.

The difference in the taxes, land and assessed, arises simply from the progress of the house duty.

The additional return for income tax is of course referable to the enhanced rate of duty.

The large increase on the year may be explained by the additional duty for the last financial year being collected in the first half of the year now ending.

The Post Office improvement arises naturally from the extension of correspondence.

A FRENCH IMPOSTOR IN LONDON.—The following curious story is taken from *Galignani*:—"The police recently learned that a number of French bishops had received letters from London, some of them signed Marie Royer, 16, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, and others Cécile Blandin, 15, Ryder's-court, Leicester-square, representing that the writer, a young Frenchwoman of good family and education, had been attracted to London by the promise of a place as governess in a wealthy family, but had been exposed not only to attempts to turn her from the path of virtue, but from the Catholic religion, of which she was an ardent believer; and she therefore implored remittances to pay some debts, and to enable her to return to Paris. Several of the Prelates, believing her story, and dreading the idea of her quitting the Catholic Church, sent money at once; others did so on a renewal of her application, made in more pressing terms than before. But some time back, a number of Prelates having met at Paris, one of them mentioned the case of the poor young lady in London, and they then perceived that they had been imposed on, as she had not only written to several of them, but had used different names and addresses. They, however, from the fear of creating scandal, proposed to say nothing about the matter; but the police heard of it, and they caused inquiries to be made in London. The result was the discovery that the writer was not only an impostor, but not even a female, being one Claude L.—, formerly a porter on the Eastern Railway, who, in 1857, was condemned, by default, by the Court of Assizes of the Meurthe, to twenty years' hard labour."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

DURING PRINCE ALFRED'S presence at Graham's Town seventeen young ladies, well mounted, served as his body guard.

A TRAVELLER recently arrived from Sweden states that no rain has fallen in that country for several months past.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, says the Paris journals, has just purchased a site in the wood of La Jonchère for the construction of a palace for the Prince Imperial. The wood is on the charming hills of Bougival and La Celle St. Cloud, near Malmaison. It commands a fine view of the Seine.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF ANTWERP has decided on offering a grand banquet to King Leopold, in the name of the commercial community of that city, on the 21st of October, the day fixed on for the visit of his Majesty.

A HEROINE, fighting in the ranks of the army of Garibaldi, is mentioned in letters from Naples. Her name is the Countess Maria della Torre; she is always to be found in the foremost rank; and is said to have killed two Neapolitans with her own hand in the combats of the 20th.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HEALTH necessitating retirement for a time, his Grace is about to resign office as steward of the Jockey Club, and will be succeeded, we believe, by the Earl of Coventry.

THE CHOICE OF THE LONDON LIVERY having fallen upon Alderman Cubitt, M.P., and Alderman Sir Henry Mugggeridge, the Court of Aldermen, with whom the final election rests, have declared Alderman Cubitt Lord Mayor for the ensuing year.

THE NORTH SEA HERRING FISHERY is being prosecuted with pretty good success, several large catches having recently been made. Thirty to thirty-five lasts of fair quality were brought into Great Yarmouth last week, prices ranging from £22 to £30 per last.

THE ROYAL JUNTA within the walls of Gaeta has ordered the 500 galley-slaves kept in the island of Ponza to be let loose on the country roads leading towards Roman territory. The towns of Itri, Agatha de Gotha, as far as Terracina, are given up to plunder and violence.

THE REV. ALEXANDER FLETCHER, one of the most eminent dissenting ministers of London, died a few days since at his residence in Essex, in his eighty-fourth year. He has been for many years past the minister of Finsbury Chapel, Moorfields.

THE THEATRE ROYAL AT MELBOURNE (Australia) is now regularly used on Sunday evenings for religious services. The clergy of the Episcopal, Independent, Presbyterian, and other denominations have preached in turns; and the services, as in London, have been crowded.

LETTERS RECEIVED IN THE FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN, and duly printed, all agree that the native Italian soldiery under Lamoricière not only refused to fight but actually fired on the foreign auxiliaries; and one correspondent hints that General Pimodan met his death unfairly.

A BOY, the son of a baker in Priaces-street, Lambeth, fell through the arch of his father's oven (which was in a rotten state), and was so severely burned that he died a few days after.

A COLLISION took place on Friday week on the London and South-Western Railway between the Alton and Southampton goods trains. A great deal of property was destroyed, but fortunately no lives were lost.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT has interdicted the passage of diligences and public conveyances from Milan to Mantua by way of Cremona, over the territory which is still subjected to Austria.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND has offered £30,000 to endow churches in the parish of Tynemouth, of which he is Lay Rector. It is supposed that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will build three new churches.

CHARLES LORD FRENCH expired on the 25th ult. at Tarver Hall, in the county of Mayo.

MR. JOHN TREVILLIAN JENKIN, an attorney of Swansea, well provided with the sinews of war, is to contest the borough of Honiton in the Conservative interest. His opponent is Mr. Moffat, Liberal, some time member for Ashburton.

THE REPORT of the contemplated resignation of the Bishop of Natal is incorrect. Dr. Colenso has no such intention.

THE "BROUGH MEMORIAL FUND" will profit to the amount of about £600 from the aggregate of "Forty Thievery" in Manchester and Liverpool.

THE NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY (an Irish line) passes through some very boggy land, and, a few days ago, a ballast-train and engine, which ran off the line, were instantly swallowed up. Many of the labourers were severely hurt, and it was feared that two men had gone down with the engine.

THE EUROPEAN DIVERS have saved 650 boxes of specie since they commenced working at the wreck of the *Malabar*.

A LION AND A TIGER, who had lived together in harmony, at Havre quitted the other night, during a storm, and next morning the tiger was found strangled. The lion was walking round the body in triumph.

GENERAL SCHMIDT, of Perugian notoriety, had to be escorted over the Italian frontier by Sardinians, to secure him from popular indignation. At one place an Englishman declined to travel in the same diligence with him, and wanted to fight him. Several other travellers also avoided him.

AN EXCURSION PARTY OF MEN which arrived in the town of Ayr last week sent round the bellman to invite, by public proclamation, the "unengaged lasses" who were willing to accompany the party on a "walk to Burns' Monument."

LORD BROUGHTON told the pupils of the Glasgow High School that he intended to have presented them each with a new work of his on the British Constitution, but he found that he could not afford to do so.

A WORKMAN, digging for clay last week near Sheffield, struck his pickaxe into a small porcelain vase, which, on examination, was found to contain about 120 denarii, Roman silver coins, dating between Vespasian, A.D. 69-79, and Commodus, A.D. 180-193.

PRINCE NAPOLEON, in his yacht, has visited Dublin.

A PRIVATE IN THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS has been dismissed from the regiment for having beaten his wife.

A GENTLEMAN NAMED COBBOLD was discovered a few days since dead, with his throat cut, in his bedroom. It was evident he had committed suicide. In his bag was found the following memorandum:—"If I should be found dead either from apoplexy or epilepsy send word to my brother, the Rev. R. Cobbold, Wrotham, near Diss, Norfolk."

MR. GEORGE GLANTZIER, a hatter in Piccadilly, was so distressed by a sheriff's officer taking possession of his premises that at night he committed suicide in his bedroom by the process of charcoal.

THE EARL OF DERRY has been suffering from a severe attack of gout. At one time he was reported to have died of it. The marriage of his daughter, Lady Emma, with Colonel Talbot was to have taken place on Thursday; but, on account of his Lordship's illness, the ceremony is postponed to the 11th of next month.

MR. EDWIN JAMES, M.P., has arrived in London from Naples.

AT THE DUMFRIES CIRCUIT COURT last week David Gibb, a medical student, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for having forged a diploma of competence from the Glasgow Faculty of Physicians.

THE SOLEMN OFFICE FOR THE DEAD was recited on Sunday by the students of the College of Maynooth for the repose of the souls of the deceased members of the Irish Brigade.

EXPERIMENTS MADE AT THE CAMP OF CHALONS with muskets of small calibre have, it is said, proved very successful, and it is believed that the result of these experiments will produce an important change in the manner of arming the French infantry.

THE NEW POSTAL SERVICE between Dublin and London came into operation on Monday. The train with the mails left London at 7.30 a.m., and the *Leinster*, which conveyed them from Holyhead, arrived in Kingstown at 5.18 p.m. Irish time. The through journey was thus performed in somewhat less than 10½ hours, being three-quarters of an hour less than the stipulated time.

PARISIANS discover that Cialdini defeated Lamoricière in virtue of having served his apprenticeship under the Frenchman, while an officer in the foreign legion in Algeria.

THE IMPORTATION OF TOBACCO has largely increased. In the last eight months the importations were 11,930,331lb., against 8,779,886lb. in the same period of the preceding year.

Le Nord has got news that an interview is arranged between King Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, to come off in the island of Elba.

THREE OF THE RINGLEADERS of the police assault at the recent fight for the championship have been committed for trial.

MR. JOHN DUNN, M.P. for Dartmouth, died lately whilst en route for Australia. Mr. Dunn was a merchant and shipowner in London, and largely engaged in the Australian trade. He had formerly been a member of the Legislative Council of Tasmania.

PRINCE MENCHIKOFF has arrived in London from Paris.

AT ROCHDALE POLICE COURT last week it was stated by several police-constables that the practice of selling their children prevails to a considerable extent in that neighbourhood among a set of dissolute drunken women.

DURING A THUNDERSTORM a short time since at Lappion (Aisne) a woman was struck down by the lightning. On being taken up she was found not to have sustained any injury beyond having the figure of a tree hard by impressed upon her back, so that the trunk, branches, and leaves were minutely distinguishable, the impression being of a reddish tint.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THERE are now four seats in Parliament vacant—Bos-ton, Honiton, Dartmouth, and Reading. The three first vacancies were caused by the deaths of the members. The vacancy at Reading is occasioned by the appointment of Mr. Francis Pigott to the governorship of the Isle of Man. The news of the death of Mr. John Dunn, the member for Dartmouth, reached London on Saturday, though it did not get into the papers until several days afterwards. Mr. Dunn was a merchant largely engaged in the Australian trade, and was on a voyage to Tasmania when he died. The cause of his death was the heat in the Red Sea, which lately has been terrific and very fatal to European travellers. The appointment of Mr. Pigott to the snug and pleasant governorship of the Isle of Man has excited some surprise, as it was not generally known that Mr. Pigott was looking out for a place. What the emoluments are I have no means at hand of knowing, as the salary is not in the estimates. I suppose it is paid out of the island revenue; but as there is a House of Assembly called the "House of Keys," and a "Council of Public Affairs," to advise the Governor, I should imagine that his labours are not very exhausting. Mr. Pigott, in Parliament, did not take a very prominent position, but he was a steady supporter of the Government, and was always in his place when he was wanted, and hence, no doubt, this appointment. The Liberal electioneering agents are rather gloomy about these vacancies. Mr. Ingram, Mr. Locke, and Mr. Pigott were Liberals; but it seems to be doubtful whether it will be possible to replace all of them by men of the same party. Boston, from 1832 to 1859, generally returned one and one. At the general election in 1859 two Liberals were returned; but it was understood that Mr. Staunland, the second Liberal, owed his election to the personal influence of Mr. Ingram. At Honiton Mr. Locke, who was lord of the manor, returned himself without much difficulty, but Mr. Locke has left no son to take his position and to exercise influence as lord of the manor, and I understand that Mr. Moffat's prospects are doubtful. Mr. Moffat is the tea-merchant of Mincing-lane. He married the daughter of Mr. James Morrison, and, what with tea and drapery, he is very rich. He formerly sat for Dartmouth, and afterwards for Ashburton; but in 1859 Mr. Atwell defeated him by one vote. Since then Mr. Moffat has been wandering about like Noah's dove, finding no rest for the sole of his foot. He is very anxious to be in Parliament, and let us hope that he will find favour with the people at Honiton. He has, however, I understand, an ugly opponent in a Swansea lawyer, who has made money by trafficking in copper, and has long been buzzing about Honiton and strengthening his influence there. At Reading Mr. Serjeant Pigott, brother of the late member, has started, and, as he is first in the field, and as Reading, on the whole, is "Liberal" inclined, it is, I think, probable that he will succeed. In that case we shall have another aspiring barrister to contest the race for the solicitor-generalship with Mr. Collier and Mr. Edwin James. At Dartmouth the victory will go to him who has the longest purse. This borough returns one member only, and is notable for its obedience to the Scriptural injunction "to be careful to entertain strangers;" though I do not think that it has been rewarded by finding amongst them "angels unawares." It will be a serious blow to the Government, if it should lose three or even two seats; for its majority in the House now is inconveniently small. There is, however, this fact to be remembered:—The Conservative party is not the compact and solid body that it used to be. This was very observable last Session in the various discussions and divisions that took place on the Budget and Treaty. Some of Gladstone's ablest defenders were found on the Opposition side of the House—Mr. Ker Seymour, for example, on the Wine Licenses Bill; and on the last great struggle on the customs duty on paper it was found to be impossible to get many of the Conservatives up to oppose the Government.

There is nothing new in Lord Brougham's recommendation that the House of Commons should adopt the principle of a division of labour by referring some of its duties to Select Committees. The plan has been often discussed in the House of Commons, and in the newspapers, and if it could be carried out there can be no doubt that the duties so referred would be much better performed than they are now. My own opinion is, however, that the principle never can be adopted to any great extent. For example, suppose certain bills were to be referred to a Select Committee, they must of necessity come back to be discussed in the House, and discussed in detail, and then we should have all the evils that we have now with the labours involved in Select Committee superadded. Some sanguine people, I am aware, believe that the House might be brought to accept the work of a Select Committee as final, and forego the privilege of discussing in detail bills which come up from a Select Committee. But I do not believe that the House would ever do this, nor do I think that it is reasonable to ask it thus to give up one of its most important functions. There is one thing which, however, I think that it ought to do, and that immediately—viz., to pass a standing order that all bills after passing through the House should be submitted to one or more examiners to see whether the amendments introduced in their passage through the House are consistent with other parts of the bill. For here the great mischief lies, and hence it is that we have such bungling legislation. Amendments hastily drawn up are introduced into bills, and are afterwards found to be utterly inconsistent with, and sometimes in flat contradiction to, other parts of the bills; and, consequently, when the Acts come before magistrates and Judges they are found to be utterly unworkable. It would be as well, too, if the examiners had the power to suggest changes in phraseology. Of course, after examination the bills must come back to the House, that the changes suggested may receive its final imprimatur. This plan, it may be objected, would be a great hindrance to legislation. To which I reply, all the better; for rapid, hasty legislation is one of the great evils of the day. Just to give your readers an idea of the slovenly manner in which bills are now drawn, I give them an extract from an Act for the Prevention of Accidents on Railways:—"If any railway porter, &c., shall do, or omit to do, any act whereby the life or limb of any person passing along the line in any railway carriage shall be endangered, he shall be"—punished, in short. So, according to the Act, the porter who omits to do any act which may lead to a smash is to be punished.

It is not an enviable position, this, of glenier of literary gossip, for, though you are universally read and looked for, you have but in your vocation to tread on eminent toes, and, presto! he winces and shrieks, and his whole tribe of yelping curs rise up and snap round you. Lately the air has been resounding with shrieks, and all about what? The advent of a new magazine! Says a writer in the *Critic*:—

Appropos of the *Cornhill*, the curiosity of literary quidnuncs has been not a little piqued by a sentence in the weekly gossip of the *Illustrated London News* of Saturday last. "New blood," says the gossip of our illustrated contemporary, "will shortly be infused into the *Cornhill*; and those who are apt to grow weary of dull verbosity will be glad to learn that the seemingly interminable Hogarth Papers will be concluded in the forthcoming October number of this admirable magazine." As the gossip on "Literature and Art" of the *Illustrated London News* is known to be the writer of the Hogarth Papers in the *Cornhill*, this self-condemnation seemed to indicate a *ne plus ultra* of modesty rather foreign to the literary character. Ill-natured rumour will have it that the phrase "dull verbosity" ought to have been included in inverted commas, and was originally used by Mr. Thackeray himself, in spite of his well-turned compliment to the biographer of Hogarth in the last of the "Roundabout Papers." Report even goes the length of hinting that we may expect before long a rival to the *Cornhill*, to be called the *Temple Bar Magazine*, and edited by no other person than the gossip of the *Illustrated London News* and biographer of Hogarth in this "admirable magazine."

The gossip of our contemporary much mistakes this imputation (he is new at this kind of work, and has not yet experienced the pleasures of this portion of his craft), and last week indignantly denies any idea of rivaling the *Cornhill*, or of quarrelling with its editor, but he eludes over the question of truth in the announcement of the forthcoming magazine with a quibble. Will these gentlemen let a veteran "gossiper," one who has suffered as much from representation and misrepresentation as any of the craft, announce the truth? The new periodical is an "intention," and on the 1st of December next will be a fact. On that day, not the "Temple Bar Magazine," but "Temple Bar—a London Magazine," will be issued, at the price of one shilling, conducted by

Mr. George Augustus Sala, and officered by a most efficient staff. Before our next impression the prospectus will probably have appeared. The rumour of a difference between Mr. Sala and his late editor is totally unfounded.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards is engaged on an anecdotal History of the Opera and Ballet, to be published in two volumes, by Messrs. Allen and Co. Mr. Edwards has gathered theana of all the principal theatres in Europe, and the result must be a very interesting work.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.
THE MAGAZINES.

Blackwood opens with a sharp, stinging article, in its best style, entitled "Seeing is Believing," in which the spirit-rappers in general, and their apologists in the recent number of the *Cornhill* in particular, are very sharply dealt with. The writer shows that a few years ago just as much wondering and talk of mysterious influence could have been made of a balloon ascent:—

Not long ago the following marvellous phenomena were witnessed by hundreds of respectable people. In the centre of a public garden there was a large boat with globular silken sails. Into this boat four persons were invited. At a given signal this boat, with the four sitters, rose from the ground, nobody hoisting it, nobody touching it: upwards it rose, above the house-tops, and finally sailed through the air towards the coast of France. Beside this, the narratives of rocking tables are trifles. Yet this was seen in open daylight by hundreds of spectators. If the Spiritualist logic is to be followed, we may prove that this boat was raised in the air by spiritual agency, because "no physical means could have raised it, no one touched the boat, no one could have touched it;" long after the boat was beyond human reach it continued to rise higher and higher. To those who are acquainted with balloons this phenomenon is no marvel; to those who understand why the lighter gas contained within the silken sails must be pushed upwards by the heavier air, and in pushing upwards must drag the boat after it, the phenomenon is intelligible. But supposing the spectators all ignorant of these things, they would, of course, omit all mention of them in their narrative, and thereby the narrative would assume a marvellous air. They would narrate truly all that they saw; but they would not truly narrate all that was to be seen.

The gentleman who saw so much of Mr. Hume's mountebankism, and narrated it afterwards with so much gravity in the pages of the *Cornhill*, is heavily trounced by the iron arm of old *Maga*. He is charged with having exhibited a mind "radically unfit for the investigation of evidence;" with employing "loose, after-dinner language, which, under cross-examination, speedily becomes modified into very different statements;" and with indulging in a "logic which convinces Spiritualists, but makes other people smile." Mr. Robert Dale Owen's book, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," furnishes the essayist with a further example of the fallacy and folly of the spirit movement, and of the inability of its disciples and supporters to discriminate between fact and inference. *Blackwood* is very good this month. There is a capital story about the loss of a Skye terrier, called "Tieker II. among the Thieves" (in which another hit is given to the Spiritualists, the dog having been stolen to act as a medium), which is written with much quaint and playful humour; a scientific paper, "The Reputed Traces of Primal Man," continuation of the "Romance of Agostine," and "Norman Sinclair," and some very pretty verses by Mr. P. S. Worsley, who has dropped many of his affectations and vastly improved.

All English readers will peruse with satisfaction the "Last Word on Lord Macaulay" which appears in this month's *Fraser*, so hearty, healthy and honest is its tone. The writer seems thoroughly to have mastered the great man's character, and treats of it with great discrimination. He speaks of him as unimpulsive, never confessing to any of the frailties of genius, and in everything indebted more to art than nature. He describes him as having written lyrics of great spirit and exquisite polish, but of having been incapable of the spontaneous and unsystematic music and the childlike grace of the true ballad; and he bears out his dictum by a comparison between a graceful little song of Macaulay and those lovely stanzas of the Laureate, "Ask me no more." The description of Macaulay's separation from and return to his Edinburgh constituency is very touching; and the lines which he wrote on the occasion of his defeat in 1847, and which are quoted in *Fraser*, are certainly, as the writer says, "noble and simple—perhaps the nearest approach to genuine poetry that Macaulay ever made." A. K. H. B.'s essay, "Concerning Seylla and Charybdis, with some Thoughts upon the Swing of the Pendulum," is, like all his writing, clever and discriminating, but lacks that pleasant, personal interest with which his papers are generally imbued. Mr. Whyte Melville contributes a very pleasant article, called "A Ride for the Ring," a gossip on, and plea for, chivalry and its institutions, written with great spirit, and evincing much quaint reading. Professor Owen's "Palaeontology" forms the basis of an interesting review; and there is a good paper descriptive of social life in Canada, called "A Snow Picnic." Mr. Wilberforce's short poem, "Purgatory," is excellent, full of dramatic force and vigorous thought, charmingly expressed: it has a Robert Browning ring about it, but it is none the worse for it. With a remembrance of a little volume of verse which Mr. Wilberforce published some few years since, we may congratulate him on a very great improvement both in thought and style.

The lecture on "George IV." brings the series to a conclusion in the new number of the *Cornhill*. It is needless to say anything of this particular lecture, as, from peculiar circumstances, it has been more talked of and listened to than any other. It was originally written for delivery in America, and, like other productions for that market, was very highly seasoned. The spice remains in it now that it has been brought back to us, and is honest, strong spice enough, though such high flavouring as the following will probably bring the water into the eyes of many old Tory gentlemen:—

Madame Tussaud has got King George's coronation robes. Is there any man now alive who would kiss the hem of that trumpery? He sleeps since thirty years. Do not any of you who remember him wonder that you once respected, and huzzad! and admired him? To make a portrait of him at first seemed a matter of small difficulty. There is his coat, his star, his wig, his countenance simpering under it. With a slate and a piece of chalk I could at this very desk perform a recognisable likeness of him. And yet, after reading of him in scores of volumes, hunting him through old magazines and newspapers, having him here at a ball, there at a public dinner, there at races, and so forth, you find you have nothing—nothing but a coat and wig, and a mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum. His sire and grandsires were men. One knows what they were like; what they would do in given circumstances; that on occasion they fought and demeaned themselves like tough, good soldiers. They had friends whom they liked, according to their natures; enemies whom they hated fiercely; passions, and actions, and individualities of their own. The sailor King who came after George was a man; the Duke of York was a man—big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George—what was he? I look through all his life, and recognize but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with froes and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truett's best nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth, and a huge black stock, underwast-coats, more underwast-coats, and then nothing. I know of no sentiment that he ever wrote them—private letters, but people spelt them. He put a great "George P." or "George R." at the bottom of the page and fancied he had written the paper. Some bookseller's clerk, some poor author, some man did the work, saw to the spelling, cleaned up the slovenly sentences, and gave the last, maudlin sliplop a sort of consistency. He must have had an individuality; the dancing-master whom he emulated—nay, surpassed—the wig-maker who carried his toupee for him, the tailor who cut his coats, had that. But about George one can get at nothing but actual. That outside, I am certain, is pad and tailor's work; there may be something behind, but what? We cannot get at the character, no doubt never shall. Will men of the future have nothing better to do than to unsuavate and interpret that Royal old manumy?

This is the best part of the article. The writer seems not to have had sufficient matter to fill the usual lecture-time, and is frequently quoting scenes and passages from authors of the time which have no very great bearing on his subject. In a note to a further instalment of "Unto this Last" Mr. John Ruskin proclaims himself an "utterly fearless and unscrupulous Free-trader," and takes occasion to combat certain criticisms which have been made upon these politico-economical articles.

Mrs. Browning contributes some graceful verses on the death of "A Forced Recruit at Solferino," disguised by one ugly line, "As orphans yearn on to their mothers." Mr. Sala brings his Hogarth papers to a conclusion this month. A magazine was scarcely the field for such labour, and it is understood that in their complete form they will be found considerably amplified. One thing certainly has been effected by their publication, and that is the advancement of their author to a much higher position in English literature. The decreasing interest in "Framley Parsonage" is not renewed by the introduction of a character from one of the author's former works—Dr. Thorne—who is pitched into the story and falls on his feet at once in his old position. Surely this is a bad habit into which some authors are falling of dragging a character or set of characters through all their works; and surely the assumption that the readers of one book must necessarily be familiar with the former productions of the author is an imperipience. There must be thousands of *Cornhill* readers who have never heard of "Dr. Thorne," or any other of Mr. Trollope's works. Other papers in the *Cornhill* are on "Chinese Pirates," "The Situation of the Moment in Italy," and "England's Future Bulwarks," the last containing, it may be presumed, Captain Fowkes' opinion on the Report of the Defence Commissioners. The subject of the "Roundabout Paper" this month is "De Juvetute." The writer has not much new to say; but the following passage is worth culling, not only for its capital, quiet sarcasm, but as indicative of the writer's sensitiveness:—

Read the name of the paper. It is the *Superfine Review*. It inclines to think that Mr. Dickens is not a true gentleman, that Mr. Thackeray is not a true gentleman, and that when the one is pert and the other is arch we, the gentlemen of the *Superfine Review*, think, and think rightly, that we have some cause to be indignant. The great cause why modern humour and modern sentimentalism repel us is that they are unwarrantably familiar. Now, Mr. Sterne, the *Superfine Reviewer* thinks, "was a true sentimentalist, because he was, above all things, a true gentleman." The flattering inference is obvious. Let us be thankful for having an elegant moralist watching over us, and learn, if not too old, to imitate his high-bred politeness and unobtrusive grace. If we are unwarrantably familiar, we know who is not. If we repeat by pertness, we know who never does. If our language offends, we know whose is always modest.

Macmillan's is not up to the average this month, though Mr. Maurice sends a very interesting contribution, called "History and Casuistry," founded on a note in Mr. Froude's History; though the Rev. H. G. Robinson, of the Training College, York, contributes a thoughtful and impartial paper on "The Use of English Classical Literature in the Work of Education," and Mr. Cornwall Simeon a capital description of holiday idleness, under the title, "Three Weeks' 'Loafing' in Arran." Tom Brown is away from Oxford, and his biography is consequently far less interesting. Mr. Cupples' "Legend of the Kyloe-Jock" reads but poorly by the side of "The Green Hand."

The *Dublin University* is much as usual. The best article in it is entitled, "Parsonalities," and is a review of certain works recently published by clergymen. It is surely a great mistake of a magazine of this repute to publish "Dr. Hincks's Reply to Dr. Ballantyne"—to ally itself with a Pott and Slurk quarrel of which the world is ignorant or indifferent.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER

THE LYCEUM opened on Monday with a redecorated house, a strong company, and a very indifferent piece. Mr. Tom Taylor's genius and success have for once alike deserted him. "The Brigand and his Banker" is dull in language, uninteresting in plot, and disguised by many transpontine "gags" and claptrops. It is needless to say more of it, as its race will doubtless be run by the time this reaches our readers' hands; but one cannot help chronicling the admirable acting of Mrs. Keeley, who played with all her vivacity and verve. Next Monday Miss Josephine Gougenheim makes her first appearance in England at this theatre, and the occasion is looked forward to with interest by all the theatrical world. This lady comes to us with the strongest recommendations from America, where she is a prime favourite, and is said to possess youth, beauty, and talent; and as her line is leading comedy—a position now miserably filled—she will be heartily welcome in London.

I grieve to hear a report—for the truth of which I am unable to vouch—that Mr. Wigan is again seriously ill, and that the contemplated opening of the ST. JAMES'S is postponed.

Mr. Brougham, a very favourite actor in America, makes his bow to a London public, after many years' absence, on Monday, at the HAYMARKET.

THE FIRST STONE OF A MONUMENT to the memory of the late Mr. Andrews, Mayor of Southampton, was laid in the public park of that town on Monday. The design is a magnificent drinking-fountain, surmounted by a pedestal and statue of Mr. Andrews nine feet high.

HOW TO BEAT THE FRENCH.—In military circles considerable sensation has been produced by a new German pamphlet, attributed to Prince Frederick of Prussia, and issued in French by Dentu—"Comment battre les Français." The author starts with four principles, or points, which, he says, comprise the whole military system in France:—1st. To go ahead, or headlong. 2nd. To rely on the superiority of moral energy over mere brute strength. 3rd. To close ranks and serried column in front of an undrilled or undisciplined host, while a compact mass of regular troops is to be dealt with in quite the opposite form. 4th. Passive endurance of a persevering onslaught is not to be looked for in French forces. All these points are demonstrated by reference to their victories, as well as their reverses, particularly the latter, at Pavia, Agincourt, Blenheim, Leipzig, and Waterloo.

BREAKWATERS AND HARBOURS.—Some time since a Select Committee was appointed by the House of Lords to inquire how far it may be practicable to afford better shelter to our shipping upon our coast than is at present afforded, by the adoption of some plan for the construction of breakwaters and harbours less costly and better adapted for certain localities than the system of solid masonry hitherto in use; and whether any such plan appears likely to be also serviceable for the improvement of our national defence. The Committee report that they have had their attention especially called to floating breakwaters, of which several plans have been submitted to them. Upon the advantages to be derived from these constructions the evidence is conflicting. The Committee are not prepared to recommend that the Government should undertake the task of constructing breakwaters on these principles; but, looking to the vast cost of harbours constructed upon the systems hitherto in use, they are of opinion that a moderate sum may be advantageously expended by Government in testing any plans which may offer a probability of important results in great future saving of money. To carry this object into effect the Committee recommend that a sum not exceeding £10,000 be placed at the disposal of the Admiralty.

FRENCH NATIONAL RIFLE MATCH.—The committee of the Tir National Français have issued the following address to the volunteer riflemen and sportsmen of England:—"Gentlemen, the high importance that you justly attach to the establishment of national rifle-matches in England, and the remarkable skill which your marksmen have displayed in these contests, have inspired us with the desire of inviting you to be present at the practice of the Tir National Français, which the Government has allowed to be carried on near the chateau of Vincennes. As soldiers of the two great nations, who have achieved glory in fighting together on far-off shores in favour of civilisation and of humanity, let us unite, gentlemen, on the peaceful field where skill alone will triumph; where victory will excite emulation without disturbing that harmony which ought to exist between two peoples destined to appreciate and esteem each other. We hope that English riflemen and sportsmen will feel a pleasure in answering to our call, and that they will, by their presence, add to the splendour of this international fête. The prizes offered amount to more than 50,000 francs (£2000). The Tir National Français will open on the 7th of October inst., and will last twelve days. Decree, gentlemen, &c. (by order of the committee), J. F. AUBIER, Administrateur.—Paris, Sept. 20."

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

THE Great Yorkshire review took place on Friday week on the Knavesmire racecourse, an open space situated about a mile south of the city of York. The total number of volunteers assembled was about 5000. The town of Hull furnished the highest number; and next in order were Leeds, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Bradford, Halifax, York, Doncaster, and Wakefield. The reviewing officer was Lieutenant-General Sir G. Wetherall, and the manoeuvres were gone through in a very creditable manner.

An inspection of the three companies of the Reading volunteer cor and the distribution of prizes for rifle-shooting took place on Thursday

week at the Corn Exchange. Sir Francis Goldsmid's prize, a handsome and valuable short Enfield rifle, was won by Sergeant Turner, musketry instructor; the Mayor's £10 silver cup, by Corporal Soper; a £5 silver cup (Lady Hunter's gift) by Private Stevens. Silver flasks were given to Sergeants Heelers and Barrett, and also to Private J. B. Salter.

A grand rifle contest took place last week in competition for prizes offered to the city of Bristol volunteer rifle corps, at their practice-ground, Sneyd Park, near Bristol. Upwards of £200 was given in prizes; the firing for which extended over three days. The competition was commenced by firing for the West of England prizes, being four premiums of £100 each, open to volunteers of the western counties, to be shot for at ranges 200, 300, 400, and 600 yards. All these prizes were carried off by members of the Bristol corps. Lord Ducie's prize of £25 was awarded to Armourer-Sergeant George Gibbs, who in fifteen shots, at ranges of 300, 500, and 600 yards, scored fifteen points. The prize of 20 guineas offered by the Hon. Colonel (Mr. Bates, Mayor of Bristol), 500 yards, was carried off by Private W. Williams. Captain M'Leod, of her Majesty's 12th Regiment, who officiated as umpire, stated that the highest point of efficiency he had seen attained was 47 and some fraction of a decimal, whereas the range of the Bristol rifle volunteers had averaged 50.11.

A prize-shooting match took place at Northdown Park on Friday week, under the direction of Sergeant-Major Hills, of the Hythe School of Musketry. The long Enfield was generally used by the volunteers. There were fourteen prizes for competition, comprising Enfield rifles. One to be shot for at a range of 500 yards, four at 400 yards, two at 350, five at 300, one at 200, and one at 100. The competition for three of these prizes was restricted to the Margate Corps; one was thrown open to the Cinque Ports Volunteer Rifles; one to the Kentish Volunteers; eight to the Army and Navy; and one to all England.

A rifle-shooting match between the members of the 12th Middlesex (the Barnett), or, as they are usually called, the Garibaldians, has recently taken place for a magnificent rifle, the property of a gentleman of the corps about to join Garibaldi. Mr. Hammerton, who scored sixteen points, was the victor.

The Bristol and Gloucestershire Artillery Corps held a meeting to compete for various prizes on Friday. The first match was for the ladies' prizes, open to the 1st Gloucestershire (Bristol) Artillery Volunteers, and volunteers of any other artillery corps who may be members of the club. This match was shot for with the artillery rifled carbine, Government pattern, at ranges of 100, 200, and 300 yards, five rounds at each range, standing. The first prize, a silver claret-jug, was won by Sergeant Natridge, who made 19 points; the second prize, a silver tankard, by Private Gilford, 17 points; third prize, a Wesley Richards's rifled carbine, value £15, by Sergeant Hanson, 15 points; fourth prize, a silver beaker, Private Stanton, 15 points; fifth prize, a silver cup, Lieutenant Bean, 15 points. The second match was open to all members of the club and to representatives of any company of volunteers, and was shot for with the long Enfield rifle, Government pattern, at ranges of 300, 500, and 600 yards, five rounds at each range. The first prize, £15, was won by Viscount Fielding, who scored 13 points; the second, £10, by Sergeant Baker, 12 points; and the third, £5, by Sergeant Hanson, who made the same number of points as Sergeant Baker; but in consequence of the latter scoring the largest number in the long ranges, he took the higher prize. The third match, for prizes of £10 and £5, was open to all comers, and was shot for with the Whitworth rifle, at ranges of 600 and 700 yards, five shots at each range. The majority of the competitors in this match retired from the contest after firing the first range. Sergeant Bingham and Private Hanson, who each made 7 points, agreed to divide the stakes, and fire for the honour at 700 yards, when Sergeant Bingham was the victor. The Lord Lieutenant and officers on the ground expressed themselves as very well satisfied with the firing.

A general review of the Hampshire volunteers is intended to take place shortly. We understand that Lord Palmerston has expressed his willingness, or rather his desire, that the review should be held at Broadlands, and that the committee of the local corps (the 11th Hants) have urged the Lord Lieutenant to appoint the Premier's park as the place of meeting for the Hampshire companies.

The Duke of Devonshire has fixed the 18th inst. for a review of the



THE PRIZES AWARDED AT THE RIFLE-SHOOTING CONTEST AT SOUTHPORT.

whole of the Derbyshire companies of rifle volunteers. The review will take place at Chatsworth.

THE RIFLE CONTEST AT SOUTHPORT.

An important rifle contest, promoted by the Manchester volunteers, commenced at Southport on Tuesday week, and terminated on Saturday, with great success. The prizes were valuable, the arrangements were excellent, the weather was tolerably good. The shooting-ground was on the beach at Southport, somewhat to the north of the Strangers' Charity, there being a long and safe range of beach and sandhills northward towards Churchtown and Lytham. Immediately opposite the entrances to the inclosure stood a tent for the committee; to the right was another, in which the cups, medals, rifles, &c., to be given as prizes were exhibited; while to the left stood a third tent, devoted to the honorary secretaries, Captain T. Brooks and Lieutenant and Adjutant H. Heaton. There were four tents for refreshments within the inclosure—two on each side of the entrances. There were sixteen ranges, each capable of being used for 1000 yards' shooting, the targets being brought in for shorter distances. There were also two "pool targets." Nine prizes, or sets of prizes, were contested for, and the total number of entries was about 1300.

The competition on Tuesday was confined to shooting for the Grand Cup, value £50, given by the officers of the Manchester, Salford, and Ardwick regiments, open to the volunteers of Great Britain. There was also a second prize of £20, and a third of £5. There were 240 competitors in this competition, and it necessarily occupied a long time. On the whole, the shooting was far from first rate, but this might be accounted for to some extent by the high wind which prevailed. The conditions of the contest were that the shooting should be with Government Enfields, at ranges of 300, 500, and 600 yards, each of the competitors to have five shots at each of the distances; the Hythe position to be used in firing. The winner of the cup was Sergeant Basil Hall, of the 13th (Dukensfield) Cheshire Rifles. His shooting was very steady, and he scored 16 points, his nearest competitor being Mr. Adshead, of the 8th (Macclesfield) Cheshire, who carried off the second prize, scoring 13 points. For the third prize four gentlemen made ties, each scoring 11 points; and in the shooting off the palm was won by Captain Shepherd, of the 2nd (Blackburn) Lancashire. An objection was raised that the Captain, as a paid Government Adjutant, was not a volunteer: it was decided in his favour.

On Wednesday the contest was for Mr. Robert Barnes's prize for volunteers belonging to the Manchester, Salford, and Ardwick corps, the conditions being five shots each at 200 and 300 yards. The first prize was won by Jas. Rogerson, 3rd Manchester; second prize, Thos.

Rayner, 2nd Manchester; third prize, Wm. Batley, 2nd Manchester. Next the Leigh Challenge Cup, valued at £80, with a £25 Whitworth rifle, and £5, was shot for—ranges 300, 500, and 600 yards, long or short Enfields, Hythe position. The winners were:—First, Kemp, 3rd Manchester; second, Gracchus Hall; third, L. Dixon, 14th Cheshire.

On Thursday the contest was for the Ladies' Cup, value £35; second prize, £15; third prize, £5; open to the volunteers of Great Britain, with long or short Enfields. Range 200 yards. Five rounds. Major Henry Tallyour, 5th Forfarshire Volunteers; Sergeant Hugh Lawley, Derby Corps; and Gracchus Hall, Artillery Corps, were respectively the winners. There was a tie between Major Tallyour and Mr. Lawley, each having scored eleven; and, singularly enough, each made precisely the same hits in the same order. In shooting off, both made an outer in the first round; and in the second Major Tallyour got a centre and Mr. Lawley an outer. Mr. W. Cunliff's prize of £50; second prize, £20; third, £5, was the next on the list. Ranges 300, 500, and 600 yards. All comers. Any weapon and any position. There was a tie between three of the competitors, who each scored twenty-one—namely, Ensign Radcliffe, Lieutenant Archibald, and Mr. Phillips. The prize-list ultimately stood—Archibald, 1; Phillips, 2; Radcliffe, 3. The scoring generally was very good on this day.

On Friday the tide encroached upon the ground, and some of the most seawardly targets were rendered useless. The first prize of £20, open to the volunteers of Great Britain, was won by Captain Greg, of the Wilmslow Volunteers; Mr. Newton, of Shrewsbury, being second. The next prize, of a Whitworth rifle, open to all comers, was won by Mr. G. Collinson, of Scarborough; whilst Captain White, of the East York Rifles, was second; and Mr. E. Ick, of the East York Militia, third. The shooting was not nearly so good as on Thursday.

On Saturday, as the termination of the contest drew near, public interest was evidently on the increase, and, notwithstanding the gloominess of the morning, a very considerable number of spectators assembled on the ground. The firing commenced soon after twelve o'clock, for a prize of £50, with a second prize of £20, and £5 as a third prize. Each competitor to have fifteen shots at ranges of 800, 900, and 1000 yards, with any description of rifle, and in any position. Most of the crack shots had entered for this prize, and the firing was of a superior order. Mr. Ick (East York Militia) scored 16 points, and was declared the winner of the first prize; Mr. Marriott (14th West York) scored 15; and Mr. Leece (assistant to Mr. Joseph Whitworth) 13 points; and these gentlemen, therefore, took the second and third prizes. The next match was for the Southport Cup, value £35; second prize, £15; third prize, £5. Open to all comers. Range—800, 900, and 1000 yards. This being a local prize, and the concluding match of the contest, a much larger number of spectators were present than during any other period of the firing; and, as the best marksmen were by this time generally recognised, a good hit by a favourite was certain to elicit a cheer from the throng. After the allotted number of rounds (fifteen) had been fired, it was announced that Mr. Edward Ick and Mr. Leece had each scored 15; Sergeant Lawley, 14; and Mr. Prince, 13. Sergeant Lawley, of course, took the third prize, and Mr. Ick and Mr. Leece proceeded to shoot off for the first and second prizes, when Mr. Leece was the victor.

The number of entries for the Grand Cup, shot for on Tuesday, was 185. The prize was open to the volunteers of Great Britain, and, as there were competitors from almost every part of England, the match presented a good opportunity of ascertaining the comparative efficiency of the local corps, of whom nineteen had entered their names. The number of points scored by the 185 competitors, who each fired fifteen rounds, was 894, which is a fraction under five points per man. The nineteen Southport riflemen made 72 points, which is not four points each, thus placing them one point below the general average.

The Grand Cup, valued at £50, was manufactured by Messrs. Ollivant and Botsford. It is Grecian in form, and handsome, with handles and a cover, and very richly embossed with scrolls and flowers. There is a shield bearing an inscription, with blanks for the name of the winner, the number of competitors, and the gross score of the successful man.

The Leigh Cup, which is worth £80, was manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell. It is in oxidised silver, fifteen inches high; and is



THE RIFLE-SHOOTING CONTEST AT SOUTHPORT, LANCASHIRE—(FROM A SKETCH BY T. JEWELRY.)

Etruscan in shape, with handles, and a small cover. Upon the cover there is the figure of a rifleman, neatly dressed, and wearing kicker-bockers; he stands "at ease," and rests upon his rifle. There are two shields, each rising to the neck of the cup. One of them bears, in basso-relievo, a line of volunteers, in front of whom rides an inspecting officer, attended by another officer on foot; while the second shield is filled in with four or five figures, representing a skirmishing party. A young officer, sword in hand, is encouraging his company; one volunteer is firing from the knee, another is loading, and so on—all the figures being well defined, and very spiritedly wrought. Between the body and the foot of the cup there is worked, in open and burnished letters "Legh Challenge Cup;" and the foot itself is very chastely finished. The cup is on a stand of ebony, bearing two silver tablets. One will bear the name of the winner from year to year, but the cup will only become private property after having been won by the same person three years in succession; while the second plate will bear the names of the corps present at the Newton review.

The winner of the cup also received a silver medal nearly 1½ in. in diameter, and proportionately solid. On the rim is impressed "Newton Review Rifle Contest, 1860." The obverse bears a zigzag ribbon, upon which will be inscribed the name of the winner, his points, &c.; while upon the reverse, in a prettily-formed centre, is engraved the figure of a rifleman firing from the knee. A blue ribbon will form the appropriate suspender of the medal on the breast of the successful competitor.

Messrs. Ollivant and Botsford supplied the Ladies' Cup competed for on Thursday. It is a claret jug, parcel-gilt, Etruscan in form, and placed on a stand. Its value is £35.

HERBERT INGRAM, M.P.

THE present year has witnessed the death of several men who had long been associated in the public mind with those great movements that characterise the age in which we live. Science and literature have each lost distinguished representatives, and we have scarcely ceased to mourn the death of those who have already found a place in the history of intellectual advancement and national enterprise, before we are once more called upon to deplore the loss of one who had become identified with that popular form of illustrated literature which is so prominent a feature of our time. The report of the fatal collision between the schooner *Augusta* and the *Lady Elgin*, on Lake Michigan, was too quickly followed by the intelligence that Mr. Herbert Ingram was amongst those passengers who perished by the accident. The details of the fearful occurrence are already too well known to make more than a passing reference to them ought but a painful and unnecessary repetition. We have all heard how on Friday, the 7th ult., the *Lady Elgin*, with four hundred persons on board, left Chicago for an excursion up the lakes; how, early on the following morning, amidst the north-east gale and the heavy sea, the sounds of music and merriment were hushed by the awful crash which was felt to be the presage of the silence of death. The records of accidents by sea contain few more fearful accounts than this of the sudden horror which followed the striking of the *Lady Elgin*. But one short half hour before, and the full tide of life flowed merrily with song and dance; a sudden shock, and the ship staggers, the revelry ceases, and no sound but that of the elements is heard throughout the vessel, which is settling down to her awful doom. Of those four hundred souls only one-fourth were saved; and it was at first hoped that Herbert Ingram might be among the number. So great, indeed, was the sensation produced by his probable fate that the daily journals hesitated to publish that portion of the telegram which announced his death until the details could be received. This will in itself indicate the estimation in which he was held among that class with whom he had been so intimately associated.

Herbert Ingram, M.P. for Boston, and proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, was born, in 1811, in the town which he has since so successfully represented in Parliament, and with which, indeed, all his earlier history has been connected. It was here that he served his



THE LATE HERBERT INGRAM, M.P. FOR BOSTON.

apprenticeship as a printer, during which time he doubtless gained that experience which has been turned to such good account in his literary speculations. On the expiration of his indentures Mr. Ingram removed to Nottingham, and commenced business as a printer, bookseller, and newsagent; and his strict attention and punctuality may be well illustrated by an incident which he himself was once heard to relate at a trade dinner at which he presided. There was among his customers a gentleman who wanted the news very early, and Mr. Ingram, anxious that this individual should not be disappointed, walked five miles (and of course five miles back) to serve a single paper. On another occasion he got up at two o'clock in the morning and travelled to London to get some copies of a paper because there was no post to bring them, and he was determined his customers should have the news. He afterwards sold above 1000 copies in Nottingham alone. Having noticed how greatly anything like an illustration contributed to increase the sale of a newspaper, it occurred to him that a journal containing a number of well-executed woodcuts would rapidly become a success; and, although Mr. Ingram might not of himself have been capable of fully carrying out the design, he at least possessed that shrewdness which enabled him at once to discover efficient coadjutors. Accordingly, May, 1842, witnessed the birth of the first number of the *Illustrated London News*; and amongst his private papers was discovered

one of these first copies, which had evidently been carefully preserved and inscribed by his own hand. In 1856 he was invited to represent his native town, the late member, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, having retired. There were two other candidates in the field, one of whom withdrew before the election; and the contest was ultimately decided by a majority in favour of Mr. Ingram of 521 to 296. At a second election, in March, 1857, Mr. Ingram was elected without opposition; in addition to which honour he received from Lord Clarendon the appointment of Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Lincoln. It was not unnatural that the townspeople of Boston should hold him in respect, since he was constantly endeavouring to benefit them by the promotion of public works, to the establishment of which he largely contributed. Indeed, in all matters of scientific progress he evinced an untiring interest, and was, at the time of his death, concerned in some of the most important schemes of improvement, and especially in those connected with national education. It had been his intention to pass the winter of his life near his native city, on his own property at Swinehead Abbey; but, after a life of active exertion, a temporary cessation from his varied labours has been the occasion of his final rest. The public and private good which he has effected, the gratitude of those who have so frequently partaken of his simple benevolence, and the sincere and kindly remembrance of his numerous private friends, will remain the best and most lasting tribute to one whose place cannot readily be filled.

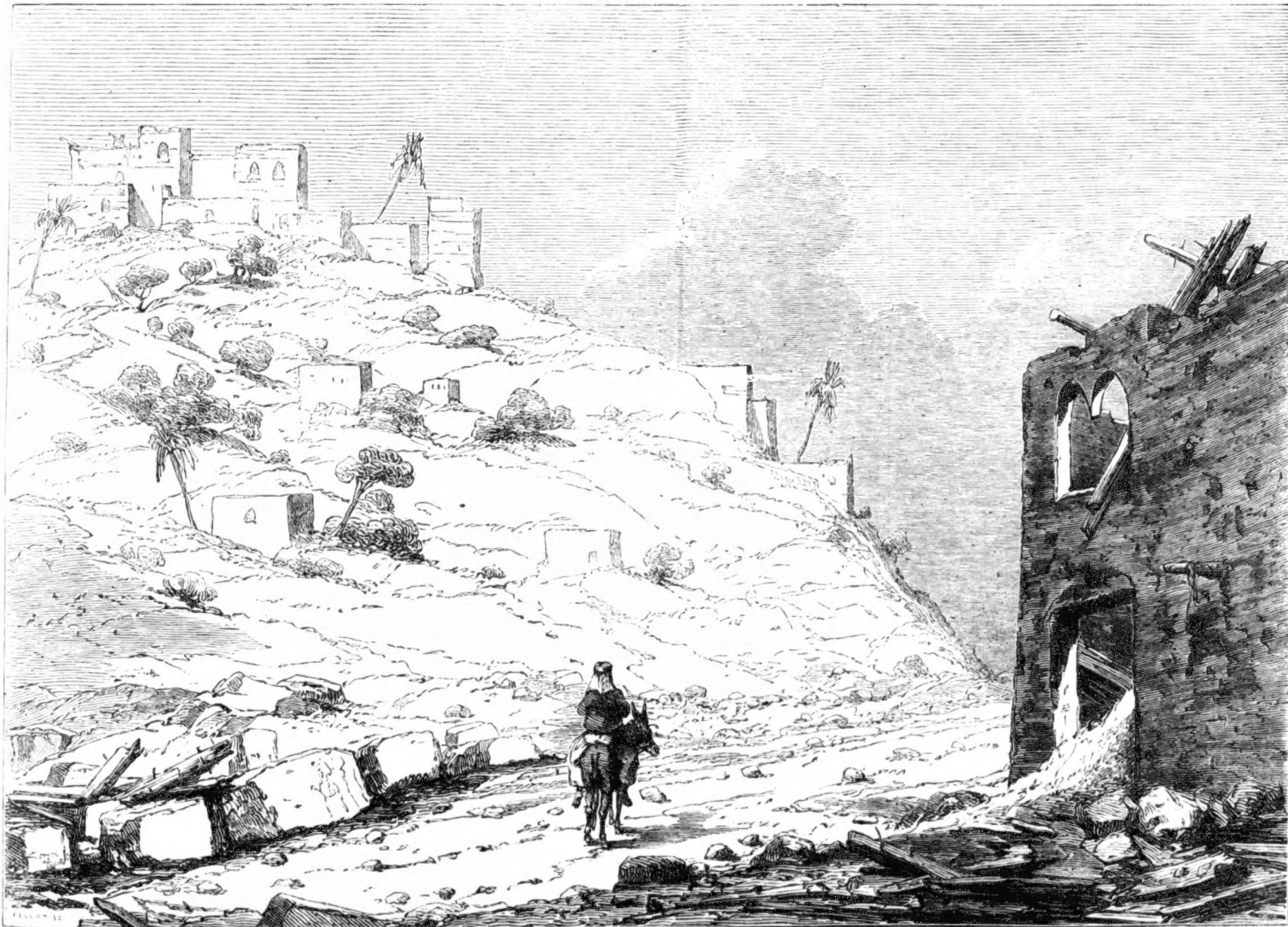
THE VILLAGE OF HADAD, BURNT DURING THE MASSACRES IN SYRIA.

THE village represented in our Engraving was one of the last which was destroyed by the Druses during the late horrible massacres in Syria, and is but one of the many monuments left to mark the fiendish cruelty of the aggressors and the barbarous treachery of the Government. Possessing but little interest in itself, the village presents to the traveller one of those spectacles which cannot be regarded without profound emotion; and its strange Eastern character, united with the utter desolation which has come upon it, forcibly reminds one of those prophecies in which cities of far nobler pretensions were doomed to the owl and the bat, while their inhabitants were to be scattered. Everywhere the scene presented is filled with the terrible indications of the work of destruction, without a sound to disturb the profound stillness save the whirr and hum of insects who are basking under the scorching sun. The place is open to all comers, since the bare walls and the half-consumed buildings contain nothing to tempt either ferocity or avarice.

All the houses have the same aspect—the windows torn out, the walls scorched, the staircases half consumed; while in such of them as can be entered a pile of charred rubbish serves to show where the furniture stood, or a few remnants of burnt clothing still lie in the corners of the room. Upon the church, which is situated on a little eminence, the destruction seems to have had a still fiercer impetus—the altar having been destroyed, the pictures torn in pieces, and the ornaments broken by a special fury. In traversing the remains of an immense house, formerly belonging to a Prince of the Cheab family, the artist (M. Lockroy, fils) discovered in an obscure corner some half-burnt leaves of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and close to the doorway picked up the remains of a manuscript—the history of the Emir Beschir. The house, however, was entirely dismantled, and the staircase nearly destroyed by fire.

The only living being he saw was a Bashi-bazouk, who met him on his return, and who seemed, indeed, scarcely out of keeping with the locality.

It is even yet difficult to foresee the results of the atrocities; but it may fairly be concluded that nothing short of stern and uncompromising punishment of those who refused to protect the unarmed and defenceless victims will produce any lasting effect; while the Druses themselves are so conscious of impending chastisement that they refuse even to hold consultations with Fuad Pacha, and are reported to have made preparations for defence.



HADAD, A VILLAGE IN SYRIA, DESTROYED AT THE TIME OF THE RECENT MASSACRES.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. LOCKROY.)

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE Royal English Opera opened on Monday last with Mr. Wallace's "Lurline," which was at the height of its attraction last spring when the theatre closed. A more suitable part than that of the heroine in the opera was never written for Miss Louisa Pyne, who, on Monday evening, was in excellent voice, and sang the beautiful melodies given to Lurline in her most charming style. Mr. Harrison, too, was in full force, and never was more successful than in the barcarolle and the various ballads that belong to the part of Rudolph, all of which the audience would willingly have had repeated. The performance derived a special interest from three of the characters in the opera being assigned to vocalists who had never before appeared on the London, if on any other, stage. These were Miss Leffler, Miss Albertazzi, and Mr. Wharton, who undertook respectively the parts of Ghiva, Liba, and Rhineberg. Of the new comers, the greatest success was achieved by Miss Leffler, who was not very much applauded (and encored in the troubadour song), but has really a beautiful voice, and knows how to sing. This young lady, who is a daughter of the late well-known baritone, Mr. Adam Leffler, fills a place that had long been vacant on the English musical stage. For some years past it had been the custom—an unavoidable one, it is true—to entrust the contralto music of an opera to young ladies who were chiefly fitted for such parts as are assigned in dramatic companies to "singing chambermaids." We have now, however, a contralto of real vocal ability. It remains for Miss Leffler to show that she can act, and we have no doubt that in one of the now numerous operas of the Pyne and Harrison repertory this opportunity will be soon afforded to her. Miss Albertazzi, as Liba, has but little to sing, but what little is allotted to her she sings well. Mr. Wharton, who has an high baritone voice, produced a very favourable impression in the part of Rhineberg, and was called upon to repeat the popular song in which the old river-king celebrates the joys of paternity. We must not omit to mention that Mr. Corrie impersonated the imp who is so shamefully maltreated by Rhineberg, and that he sang and acted very artistically, and with great dramatic power, especially in the intoxication scene, where the Weberlike drinking song occurs. The orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, is worthy of any opera in the world. Accordingly, nothing is more successful in "Lurline" than the overture, which is played with admirable spirit, and which fully deserves the excellent execution it obtains.

The first "novelty" at the Royal English Opera will be an opera by Mr. Balfe.

Mr. E. T. Smith has put forth his programme. He announces that that he is "not a vocalist himself," from which we may infer that Mr. Macfarren has not provided him with a part in "Robin Hood," with which the season commences, on Monday week. We have already published the names of those engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre who are vocalists, among the principal of whom will be found Parepa and Lemmens-Sherrington, Sims Reeves and Santley; and for the Italian Opera Titians and Giuglini.

The *Athenaeum* declares that M^{me}. Grisi is not engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre for next season, and congratulates her thereupon. On the other hand the *Era* publishes an amusing paragraph expressing its disapprobation and contempt for those who venture to doubt for an instant what it has once set forth in its infallible columns, and repeating that M^{me}. Grisi will take leave of the public at Her Majesty's. It is not likely that the *Era* can know anything about the matter; but is no one in M^{me}. Grisi's confidence? What does the *Musical World* say?

A series of classical and popular concerts, including all sorts of first-rate music—from the symphonies of Beethoven to the waltzes of Strauss—are announced to take place next month at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Dr. Pesch.

It is said that a comic opera in two acts, by Donizetti, entitled "Rita," is about to be produced, at the Opéra Comique of Paris, for the first time. After Donizetti's death, at Bergamo, a seal was put on all his papers, amongst which was the score of "Rita." Adolphe Adam, who was aware of the existence of this MS., wished to produce it when he was director of the Opéra National, and M. Gustave Vaez wrote to Joseph Donizetti (handmaster to the Sultan), and received the following reply, dated from Constantinople:—"Sir.—It is out of my power to accept your polite offer at present, as no division has yet been made of my poor brother Gaetano's effects, and I am only a co-inheritor." The matter thus rested during several years. Joseph Donizetti dying, his son bought the rights of the other inheritors, and came to Paris with the score, which M. Gustave Vaez (author of the libretto) proposed to M. Perrin, now manager of the Opéra Comique. M. Perrin inquired into the authenticity of the work, and M. Gustave Vaez pledged his word of honour to having seen each piece composed by Donizetti as the words were brought to him; but, that every one might be satisfied, he proposed forming a committee to decide the point. The proposal was at once carried into effect, and musicians were chosen who were not only capable of solving the question in an artistic point of view, but who were also well acquainted with Donizetti's handwriting. The list included the following names:—M. Duprez, M. Laborne (who had superintended the copying of all the music of "Rita" from the original MSS.), M. Vauthart, chorus-master, &c. The committee assembled, under the presidency of M. Perrin. The question to be solved was the following—"Is the score of the entire opera ("Rita") as it has been found, orchestrated and ready for the copyist, by the hand of Donizetti? The score was carefully examined, and the judges unanimously pronounced that no possible doubt could exist of its authenticity. The committee further stated that there was positive evidence that the music had been composed after the receipt of the words, and expressly for the French libretto.

Let us hope that M. Perrin, having proved beyond doubt that "Rita" is indeed the work of Donizetti, will now lose no time in giving it to the public.

NEW STEAMER FOR THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.—The *Southampton*, a splendid new steam-ship, built for the South-Western Steam Navigation Company, and destined for the passenger trade between the port from which she takes her name and the Channel Islands, was a few days since subjected to the usual trial previous to being placed upon the station. The *Southampton* is a fine model of a sea boat, roomy and commodious; she is elegantly fitted, while her lines were laid down with a special view to meeting the unpleasant action of the heavy seas which in rough weather tend to make the voyage from Southampton to Jersey, or from Jersey to Southampton, anything but agreeable. The dimensions of the *Southampton* are considerably larger than either of the mail-boats now plying upon the same station. The trial was entirely satisfactory.

A FRENCH ESTIMATE OF GARIBALDI.—M. Grandguillot, the semi-official editor of the *Constitutionnel*, writes thus of the Italian leader:—"Garibaldi has already fallen into the most absolute impotence, and his wonderful good fortune has only served to show his complete incapacity. And this is the man who speaks seriously of fomenting universal revolution, of attacking Austria on the Minio, and France at Rome. He wishes to ascend the Quirinal, when our soldiers guard the gates. He proposes to put the Austrian army to the route—that army which has the glory of having stood against the French army at Solferino for fifteen hours! He has failed to become the head of a Government. He has only succeeded in making himself the leader of irregular bands; and he dreams of enterprises which demand the concurrence of power and genius. The imagination of the people has made Garibaldi the hero of a romance. Let it go on a little longer, and the romance will become a farce."

RIFLED CANNON.—Mr. Lynam Thomas's rifled cannon—the largest rifled weapon ever made—was tried with complete success last week at Shoburness. This cannon weighs upwards of six tons, and fires a shot of 174lb. weight, with a charge of powder of no less than a quarter of a hundredweight. The *Mechanic's Magazine* says:—"We are unable to say what range was attained, but, judging from the initial velocity of the shot and its time of flight, it must have been enormously great, and altogether unprecedented. The gun is made of the Morrey puddled steel, by Mr. Clay, and stood the immense strain brought upon it with perfect success, showing no sign of weakness anywhere. The heaviest rifled cannon ever made prior to this of Mr. Thomas is the Whitworth 80-pounder, but the weight of this is but four tons and a half—nearly a third less than that of the new weapon. The heaviest projectile ever before fired from a rifled cannon is Sir William Armstrong's 100lb. shot from a cannon of considerably less than four tons. It will be seen, therefore, that another great advance has been made in the art of gun construction, and one which will bear seriously upon the much-agitated question of iron-cased ships."

THE ROAD MURDER.

A NEW investigation has been made into this affair, based on the accusation of Elizabeth Gough, the nursemaid. The evidence, so far, throws very little additional light on the mystery, and the facts bearing on the case against Gough are simple. She slept in the same room with the child; the silence with which the deed was done, and the neatness of the bed-clothes, found apparently undisturbed, suggest that to quietly remove a heavy child, four years old, and to murder it without noise, required the agency of two persons; and suspicion points to the nurse as possibly one of the two. She missed the child from its cot at five o'clock, but she did not make any inquiry about it, although she had been specially directed by Mrs. Kent to call her if there was at any time the slightest occasion, connected with the children, for her presence. The accused nursemaid says that she did not raise any alarm because she thought that Mrs. Kent had taken the missing child into her own room. But Mrs. Kent swore that she had never so taken the child, and that the nurse knew that she was in delicate health, and, in fact, could hardly carry the child; so that the nursemaid's supposition that Mrs. Kent had taken the child was not based on any previous occurrence of the kind. Two other items of evidence bear against Elizabeth Gough:—When the assistant nursemaid entered the nursery in the morning, between seven and eight, after the child was missed, and after the nursemaid had given information to Mrs. Kent, Elizabeth Gough did not say a word to her under servant about the missing child. The second item is the contradictory statements of the accused as to the blanket in which the body of the child was found. She told Mrs. Kent that a blanket was missing, and she said the same to Constables Urch and Morgan—and this before the dead body with the blanket round it was found. But to Superintendent Foley, in the hearing of Superintendent Wolfe, she volunteered the statement that she never missed the blanket till she saw it round the murdered child. This discrepancy is singular, and it is also singular that on this very point Mr. Kent's testimonies, taken at different times, also vary. It appears that when the nursemaid told Mrs. Kent that the blanket was missing the wife repeated the fact to her husband. When he left the house before the body was found he knew that a blanket was missing, and he said so that morning to the turnpike-keeper at Southwick, and he repeated the statement in his evidence on Monday. And yet, in conversation with Superintendent Foley, Mr. Kent said twice that he was not aware before he left the house that a blanket was taken away with the child. These discrepancies may be very unimportant—they bear more on the case than against any one—but they are worthy of note.

Another curious fact which has now come out is, that two constables who were sent to secrete themselves in Mr. Kent's house on the night after the discovery of the murder found themselves locked in. They battered at the door with their staves; and, after about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Kent appeared to relieve them. He was dressed, and said he had been "walking about."

As bearing on any general elucidation of the case, independently of all accusations against any particular person, the evidence of Mrs. Kent is important, as she had not been examined in the previous investigations. She now deposes that the child was put to bed about eight o'clock, and that she saw the child in its cot after it was put to bed. She was, to her belief, the last person up in the house, except her husband. On going to bed she saw the nursery-door ajar, and shut it quietly. She continues:—"Mr. Kent came up stairs about half-past eleven. I was not in the room when he came up, but went into it shortly afterwards. Mr. Kent went to bed, and did not leave the room again until half-past seven the next morning. I was very restless and lay awake for some time. I also woke frequently during the night. I did not hear the children cry in the nursery during the night. Early in the morning, when it was quite daylight, I heard a noise which sounded as if the drawing-room shutters were being opened. I did not call my husband's attention to it, as he was asleep. I cannot say that I was alarmed. I heard the noise, and concluded that it might have been the servants. I did not hear the dog bark in the course of the night. It was accustomed to bark at strangers."

The prosecution regard as important a piece of flannel found with the body of the child. Foley, the constable who found this piece of flannel, said—"I believe the flannel to be a woman's chest-flannel. There were marks of recent blood on it. The blood did not penetrate the flannel, but it appeared to have dropped so gently on it that it had congealed drop by drop." It is difficult to avoid believing that this piece of flannel has an important connection with the murder. All the evidence with regard to the appearance of the body of the child goes to prove that death was not the result of the dreadful wounds inflicted on it. The deep stab in the side was certainly inflicted after death, and that in the throat while the child, if not actually dead, was dying, the blood being still warm, but fast congealing. On the other hand, the positive appearances support the supposition that death was caused by suffocation. When the body was found "the mouth had a blackened appearance, and the tongue protruded between the teeth"—the result, in all likelihood, according to the medical testimony, of "pressure during life." These appearances are, in fact, those produced by strangulation. This may help to explain the use both of the blanket and the flannel, as well as to account for their presence with the body of the murdered child. The child's first cry might have been stifled with this very piece of flannel, which would be at hand for the purpose, and his convulsive efforts stilled by winding him tightly in the blanket. This piece of flannel, however, though it is found to fit the accused, as it would thousands of women, incriminates her very little. The examination is not completed as we go to press.

SHOCKING MURDER NEAR NEWCASTLE.

A MURDER of a terrible character has been perpetrated near Durham. The murderer's name is Lockey. He is a collier, aged sixty. His wife, from whom he has been for some time separated, lived in a cottage near the Urpheth corn-mill. The murdered man's name was Harrison: he was formerly in the police, but was lately appointed a Chancery bailiff. In this capacity he had business in the neighbourhood of the corn-mill, and took lodgings at Mrs. Lockey's cottage. On Saturday night last Lockey returned home. Harrison was ill in bed. When Lockey came into the house he said to his wife, "How is thou?" And from his manner his wife became afraid. Lockey then observed to her, "I shou'd not be long here," and immediately drew a knife out of his pocket and struck his wife a blow with it on the chest. The bone in her stays caused the blow, however, to glance off. He struck her again with the same effect; then, lowering his hand, he made another blow at her. The knife entered the thigh, penetrating to the bone. The wound, however, is not likely to prove fatal. Harrison seems here to have called to Lockey to desist. On this the ruffian immediately turned round and, with an oath, plunged the knife into Harrison's breast. He inflicted a wound six inches in depth, and while the knife was in the wound he turned it in all directions. Harrison fell back dead. When Lockey and his wife began to quarrel his two children ran out of the house and alarmed the neighbours. Two farm-labourers came, and met Mrs. Lockey running from the house, followed by her husband, and, though he was unarmed, they appear to have made no effort to stop him. He chased her up a hill, but she escaped. Lockey was lost sight of, and, though diligently sought for, was not captured till the next morning, when he was discovered crouched in a pigsty near Urpheth.

THE FRENCH WINE CROP.—The *Revue Bourguignonne* says:—"No illusion can be any longer entertained as to this year's wine crop; it will be decidedly bad, whatever the weather may be between this time and the vintage. The continued rains have rendered the evil irreparable. With respect to quality 1860 will remind one of the worst years that can be remembered. Notwithstanding this it is surprising to see, in going through the vineyards, that the grapes make progress every day, in spite of the absence of sun and the continuance of rain. This progress is more particularly observable in the vineyards of Côte wines; the grapes there become black no one knows how or why; the vine-dressers say that it is from habit."

THE WAKEFIELD POISONING CASE.

AN inquest touching the death of an aged lady, named Adamson, supposed to have been poisoned by her servant, Emma Stringer, was commenced at Wakefield on Saturday last. Mary Bateson, a charwoman, occasionally employed by the deceased, gave the following evidence:—"I knew Miss Adamson for ten years. She died on the 15th of August last. Some time before that she had been ill for two or three days at a time, and then she would get better. On the night of the old lady's death, while I was in the room, Emma Stringer went to a trunk and took out a lot of silver things, spoons, and different articles of plate. As Miss Adamson received them she placed them in lots on each side of her bed, some towards Mary Stringer and some towards me. I did not understand that the lot was for me, but I understood that the other portion was for Emma, because Emma had told me in the room that night that Miss Adamson had left her all—that she was to have everything. Emma Stringer then put the two parcels of plate into the trunk again. Miss Adamson died shortly after. I went home, but was sent for an hour or so afterwards, and found Emma's mother, her brother, and her sister there. They were all in Emma's room, and the brother was kneeling down and writing a paper on the floor. When he had finished he asked me if I would put my name to it. I said I was no writer. Then he said, 'Make a mark just down there,' and I made a cross. I did not know what the paper was; it was not read to me."

Mary Link, a Roman Catholic, deposed to her intimate acquaintance with deceased. "During the time I used to go to the house Miss Adamson was frequently unwell, and used to get better for a day or two. She always complained of burning pains in her stomach and throat. From my frequently going there I knew that Emma always used to prepare Miss Adamson's food. I assisted in laying out the body. The face of the deceased looked very much puffed and swollen. When living she was of a very ruddy complexion and bright red cheeks."

Mr. David Heald, stationer, of Wakefield, said that he knew Emma Stringer well. He had a conversation with her about the rumours afloat that Miss Adamson came to her death by unfair means. He then told her that if the deceased lady had not been poisoned it would be better for her (Emma) that she should be taken up, when she said in reply that it was not she who was suspected, but her sister.

Mrs. Denton, wife of a farmer, of Walton, said she was present at the sale of Miss Adamson's property, and on that occasion went over the house to look at the things. In Emma Stringer's bedroom she saw a pot with something white in it. She did not know what it was, but supposed it to be some mercurial preparation for beds, and she took no particular notice of it.

Mr. Thomas Wood had resided with the deceased for many years. The deceased lady had English cholera before Emma Stringer came to live with her.

William Illingworth said he was present at the sale of Miss Adamson's furniture, and upon a shelf in the kitchen he found a packet containing a white powder, and which was labelled "Poison." He threw it in the fire.

John Scott remembered Miss Adamson's sale, and was in the kitchen when the last witness, William Illingworth, found a packet of white powder. It was labelled "Arsenic—poison." I said, "This is dangerous stuff to be here; fling it in the fire," and he did so, and it was burnt.

Joseph Priestly was present at the time when the paper packet was found. When the packet was thrown into the fire he made the remark, "They say that people have been poisoned here, and there is poison in that paper." He heard John Scott say it was to be thrown into the fire. He tried to get it out afterwards, but could not succeed. The powder was white, like flour. He should not have known it to be poison but for the label.

J. Burras, gardener, deposed that the day after Miss Adamson was dead Emma Stringer and her brothers removed some things away from the house in trunks.

Henry Robinson, an undertaker, said that he was sent for to measure Miss Adamson for her coffin, and was several times at the house after her death. On one occasion he saw Emma Stringer with three or four rings on her finger, which she had never worn before. They were in the habit of conversing together, and on one occasion she asked him whether she could have anything that Miss Adamson had left to her? and he said, "Certainly, if there was a will and it was properly witnessed."

A Mr. Taylor proved that at Miss Adamson's request by letter he had supplied an arsenical and mercurial preparation for the purpose of killing rats. He had never supplied Emma Stringer with any arsenic or other poison.

Mr. Nunnerley, surgeon, of Wakefield, read the notes of the post-mortem examination as given on a previous occasion, that, from the appearance of the stomach and its ulcerated state, if death was caused by poison the poison must have been administered over a considerable period of time, and in minute doses.

The inquest was at this point adjourned.

INDIAN PRIZE MONEY.—In round numbers (besides the Kirwee and Banda prize money, which should be by far the largest of all), the sums available in prize money for the respective Indian forces will be—for Delhi, £335,000; Lucknow, £148,000; Gwalther's column, £300; Malcoim's, £1400; Major Evans's, £10,000; General Roberts's, £17,000; Sir Hugh Rose's, £71,000 for Dhar and £60,000 for Jhansi.

RUSSIA AND FRANCE.—The *Patrie* of Monday evening has the following contradiction in reference to a telegram published on Thursday last:—"A despatch forwarded by Reuter's agency reports a conversation that took place at St. Petersburg between Prince Gortschakoff and M. de Montebello, the French Ambassador. We are enabled to affirm that the details contained in that despatch are completely incorrect."

LAW AND CRIME.

MR. EDWIN JAMES, member for Marylebone, Recorder of Brighton, and eminent barrister as barristers go now, has laid himself open to just animadversion by his vacation ramble. It seems that this jocular and fluent gentleman has, for goodness knows what purpose, chosen to adopt for himself the position of a non-combatant camp-follower of Garibaldi. From this peculiar point of view the learned counsel transmits occasionally to his friends, for publication, certain curious letters in which the state of affairs in Italy, with relation to Mr. Edwin James, is graphically enough described. All this would probably be to most people, except the electors of Marylebone, a matter of the smallest possible consequence. But it happens that about a score of English subjects, charged with divers offences, are actually lying in prison beyond the time appointed by law for their trial, because Mr. Edwin James is absent from his duties as Recorder of Brighton, dispensing justice, according to his own peculiar notions, by recommending the shooting in cold blood of certain soldiers whose offence appears to have been that, running away from a battle in order to preserve their own lives, they imperilled to some extent that of Mr. Edwin James, who subsequently, by his own account, appears to have established himself as accuser, witness, and assistant judge at once. If the hon. gentleman's view as to the magnitude and proper punishment of this delinquency be correct, one would like to know what, by the same rule, should be the penalty upon a judicial functionary who runs away from his post of honour and duty, not from Capua to Caserta, but from Sussex to Sicily, not in self-preservation, but for mere idle pleasure and personal glorification?

Mrs. Wardell, proprietress of the Swan Tavern at Stockwell, was summoned by the police for allowing gambling in her house. It appears that some mean person wrote to the Commissioner of Police giving information as to the dreadful practices carried on at the house in question. Hereupon an inspector visited the establishment, and there found the landlady's son engaged with three friends, in the private room known as the bar-parlour, in a family game of whist. They were not playing for money. It was shown that the Swan Tavern had always been conducted in a most exemplary manner. The magistrate, Mr. Yardley, said that his opinion was, and would continue to be, unless corrected by a higher authority, that playing at cards, unless for money, was not gambling. The summons was therefore dismissed.

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